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SPEAIGHT.

157, New Bond Street,

THE MARCHIONESS CAMDEN AND HER BABY.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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AN IMMEDIATE TASK

SEVERAL articles in the reviews for June impressed upon the British public the urgent necessity for taking in hand the present methods of dealing with the poor. Upon one or two points there is, as far as we can see, no difference of opinion. One of these relates to the feeble-minded. The present arrangement is universally condemned as bad. To understand how much this is the case we must clear our minds as to the object we are aiming at. All humane men and women would exercise the greatest possible tenderness to such as are afflicted in their mind. The very way in which country people describe them as "innocents" and "naturals" shows that the impulse is towards trying to make up to them as far as possible for the want of the faculties enjoyed by others. But, at the same time, it is a crime against the race that they should be allowed to become the fathers and mothers of children who are in every way likely to inherit their weaknesses. The present arrangement offers no safeguard against this. People may have periods of madness and at other times be perfectly sane. While they are out of their mind they are sent to an asylum, or some other place of confinement, until the doctor certifies that they are once again sane. Then they are allowed to come out, and there is nothing to hinder them from marrying if they wish to do so. As a matter of fact, a considerable proportion of them become wedded in their lucid intervals, and thereby add to the number of the unfit. If insanity is to be stamped out, further precautions must be taken to ensure that the sufferers are not permitted to multiply their numbers.

This principle can be still further applied. If a deaf mute marries a deaf mute the offspring of the union will also be deaf and dumb, and it is incumbent upon the State to take preventive measures in these cases also. We have in animals a very good illustration of the effect which can be produced by firm and constant effort to stamp out disease. Twenty years ago rabies was comparatively common among dogs. It was scarcely possible to pick up a newspaper which did not contain some report of an outbreak, and the belief that this disease could be eradicated was of very slow growth indeed. It was only when Mr. Walter Long, who was in office at the time, had incurred a considerable amount of unpopularity among dog-owners by stringent regulations well enforced, that the public began to recognise that it was possible to stamp it out.

To-day it is generally recognised that the policy of Mr. Walter Long has been successful. Hydrophobia may not have altogether ceased to occur, but the cases are so very rare and far apart as to count for very little, and no doubt if they were to multiply the same stringent rules which succeeded in stamping it out before would be once again successful. Of course, it was much easier to do this in the case of dogs than it would be in that of human beings. The dog could be killed and an end put to the possibility of his giving the disease to others. It would be against all that is best in human nature to adopt stern measures towards men and women who, through no offence of their own, are afflicted with mental or other diseases. Still, a confinement which carried with it a great deal of liberty would not only be no serious hindrance to their happiness, but might even conduce to it. The best of modern establishments for the insane are conducted on most humane and indulgent principles, the ruling idea being to entertain and keep occupied the faculties of the sufferers. "Natural selection by death" is the phrase invented by Professor Karl Pearson to describe what ought to be the State method. Needless to say, it does not mean that the individual is to suffer, but only that Nature, working in her own way, may be allowed to remove the tainted in her due time, before they have had an opportunity of passing their afflictions on to a new generation. What practical means can be taken to ensure this end further discussion may disclose. Liberty has always been prized as a very precious thing in this country, and public opinion will allow no harsh or unjustifiable interference with it; but if the community bestows special care on the insane it has some right to safeguard its own interests with regard to the future generation.

Babies offer the problem of the hour, as is shown by Mrs. Barnett in the remarkable paper contributed by her to the July Cornhill. The educated classes refuse adequately to meet the need for children, and the consequence is that such growth of population as occurs is drawn to a very large extent from those who are unfit. We can see that, from the very large proportion of them who are dependent on the State. The number, according to the official figures, amounts to close on a quarter of a million. They are to be found in workhouses and workhouse infirmaries, in district and separate or "barrack" schools, in guardians' homes and village communities, in miscellaneous institutions and infirmaries of the industrial class. In these institutions they do not receive adequate care. It frequently happens that the lady who is at the head of them is admirably well suited for the task devolving upon her, but her underlings, as a rule, are far less excellent characters. In a workhouse nursery, it is stated, the children are often placed under the charge of a person actually certified as of unsound mind, the bottles are sour, the babies wet, cold and dirty. In a large workhouse which was visited, children of eighteen months old were having a dinner consisting of large platefuls of minced beef and potatoes. In another, babies of one and two years old were allowed to fall asleep sitting on a wooden bench leaning on a wooden table. They seldom or never were taken out of doors. No wonder that "out of every thousand children born in the Poor-Law institutions forty to forty-five die within a week, and out of 8,483 infants who were born during 1907 in the workhouses of the 450 Unions enquired into, no fewer than 1,050 (or 13 per cent.) actually died on the premises before attaining one year." Here, surely, we have a problem that demands immediate consideration.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Marchioness Camden and her baby. Lady Camden is the eldest daughter of Lord Henry G. R. Nevill, and her marriage to the Marquess Camden took place in 1898.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY



• NOTES •

IN opening the new addition to Rugby School, the King made a very memorable speech. He singled out as the most notable feature of Rugby "the high ideals of honour and manliness and public spirit" which are cultivated there. They are the traditions inherited from the great masters of the past, such as Arnold and Temple, and are a greater factor in moulding character than any learning. The King told the boys, in words which many of them are likely to remember to the end of their days: "Carry with you these traditions when you who now listen to me are scattered, as scattered you will be in a few years' time, far and wide; and wherever your lot may be cast, see that you uphold the great name of your school, and prove yourselves worthy of those who have gone before you." He spoke in the exact spirit of the school song of Harrow, "Forty years onward, forty years on." It is not surprising that not only the young people who listened to these wise and inspired words, but their elders, burst several times into applause.

Our readers' attention will be profitably turned to the able and searching criticism to which our agricultural contributor, "W.," has subjected the Milk Bill of Mr. John Burns. Most of our agricultural friends know that "W." is the initial of as sound and practical a farmer as lives in Great Britain at the present moment, one whose knowledge may almost be described as hereditary. When he writes about dairy matters he is dealing with a craft of which he is a master, and in which he is daily engaged. He is of a cautious and moderate temperament, so that what he says about the proposed Act deserves to carry weight. Moreover, the distrust with which he regards the Bill is very widely shared. For example, the agricultural correspondent of *The Times* says that "the more the legislative proposals are investigated the less they are liked by the parties affected." As "W." points out, the criticism of a measure drawn up to promote public health is an invidious task from which most men would shrink; but no regard for the good intentions of those who have drawn it up ought to stand in the way of a clear statement of its defects. It is proverbial that the traditional place of punishment is paved with good intentions. What we have to find out is the practical effect of the clauses.

"W." leaves small ground for misapprehension as to his distrust. He foresees that if the Bill be passed, constant friction, evasion of the law and much damage to the dairying industry will follow. He is certain that the price of milk will be raised, and the clauses to which he most strongly objects are those which throw the expense of "compensation for animals slaughtered, the salaries of medical officers of health and veterinary inspectors, and the expenses of those officials, as well as of the Local Authorities" on the rates. Yet the Board of Agriculture has said "the liability of the Local Authority to provide such compensation on the present basis from public funds is a serious one." When to this liability are added the salaries and expenses of the officials, it is easy to understand why the result must be an increase in the price of milk. But the vexatiousness of the other clauses is even more objectionable than this. The criticism is very far-reaching, and ought not to be neglected by those whose interests are concerned.

The Small Holdings Act gave rise to an animated discussion in the House of Lords on Monday night. It was

raised by Lord Ebury, who put a question about small holders who acquire land without any intention of cultivating it themselves, their object being either to secure a profitable sub-tenant or to appoint a *locum tenens*. Lord Carrington's reply was not very clear. It is true that the question is complicated by the fact that many village artisans and shop-keepers desire a small holding and that there are good grounds for granting it. Lord Carrington quoted a case in which he had to take thirty-five and a-half acres away from 1,600 acres in order to satisfy the wants of a blacksmith who was obliged to house his cattle in the woodshed, and other cases of villagers who grazed their cattle on the roadside because they had no land to put them on. Those who wanted the land included a carrier, a blacksmith, a carpenter, a groom and farm labourers. This did not, as the Marquess of Lansdowne pointed out, meet the objection. The Act has been called the "Labourers' Charter," and it is the duty of those who promote it to safeguard the interests of the labourers by hindering those who are not labourers from taking advantage of its provisions.

Much dissatisfaction is being felt with the compulsory clauses of the Act. The creation of small holdings is admittedly an experiment. No one can assert absolutely that they will be successful. On the contrary, the logical inference from past experience is that without artificial care and nursing they will in the course of a generation or two disappear. Were it otherwise, when a man is making his livelihood out of a farm and cultivating it well, it is against all principles of justice and common-sense to take away part of his land and give it to somebody else. If the high-handed proceedings of the Board of Agriculture were adopted by great landowners, and holdings cut and carved to suit the requirements of new tenants, there would be an outcry through the length and breadth of the country. What would be intolerable in a private owner does not become justifiable simply because it is done by a State Department. Yet there is no attempt to deny that the compulsory clauses have been applied to land under careful and skilled tillage.

THE PINE WOOD AT BAYREUTH.

At last, an end,
The tale of mystery told!
And friend departs with friend,
As we of old . . .
Isolde's Love has melted into night,
The Torch, that beckon'd Tristan, quench'd, unseen.
Alone I wander in the pale moonlight,
As once of yore,
Beneath the shadowy pines,
With Her, who walks no more
Where daylight shines.
Beloved, thou art with me! In the wood
Thy soul is borne to Earth, thro' Cornwall's queen,
For here, among the ghostly trees, we stood,
And once again,
Amid the shimmering gleam,
With Her, in sweetest pain,
I walk in dream.

REGINALD RAMSDEN BUCKLEY.

In the cherry-growing districts the problem of keeping the fruit from the birds is complicated this year by the fact that the hay is being made just at the moment that the cherry crop is ripening. In a normal year the former operation is concluded before the cherry-picking-time comes. The conviction is forcing itself more and more strongly that it is rather useless—in these days of the Bird Preservation Acts, which no humane or sensible farmer should regret—to grow cherry trees to a height above that at which they can be netted. In no other way is it possible to save the crop from the birds. This year should prove, if anything can, the futility of the notion that if birds have a good supply of water they will not attack fruit. The ground is soaked, yet the blackbirds are in the cherry trees, at the moment of writing, multitudinously. Possibly the starlings are not quite as bad as usual, but that is the only alleviation that we can notice.

A few years ago we had some fears that those beautiful and useful birds, the swifts, might be beginning to visit us less numerously. They were very scarce here, and it was reported that they were in far more than their normal numbers in Italy, especially in the south of the peninsula. Since that season, however, the swifts have returned to their usual summer haunts in our islands, and this year there seem to be even more of them than ever. On the other hand, it is very apparent that the house-martins have not come to us as we expect them, and for this it is to be feared that there is only too good a reason. The absence of the swifts, which are allied to the nightjar rather than

to the swallow family, was probably caused by a lack of the insects on which they prefer to feed, and so the cause vanished when the supply of these insects north of the Alps became normal again. The house-martins, however, have a constant foe in the sparrow, always ousting them from their nests, and it is to be feared that the destructive sparrow is really reducing the numbers of the insect-eating and valuable martins that visit us.

It is well known to all anglers of any experience how little control the fisherman has over a fish that is foul-hooked, especially if it be hooked about midway, lengthwise, of the body. The general way of stating it is from the fish's side, that it is wonderful how a fish will fight when he is foul-hooked. What seems to be less well known, no doubt because the occurrence is rather a rare one, is that a fish makes hardly any resistance at all if he happens to be hooked in the tongue. It seems to render him completely helpless, and he lets himself be towed to the net quite tamely. The angler of any humane feeling must be thankful to think that we have every reason to suppose a fish's sensations to be immeasurably less acute than our own; but it is probable that the strain on its tongue may cause it at least considerable discomfort, so that it yields to it as it never yields when the hook is in the unsentient, bony jaws.

It is, of course, the background of unrest in India that lends an ominous significance to the murders perpetrated at the Imperial Institute on Saturday night. The assassination of Sir W. Curzon Wyllie is a terrible event, but it is just as well to remember that it is not without parallel in every civilised country. History tells us of many eminent men who have fallen victims to the fanatics of their own time. Sovereigns, statesmen, great ecclesiastics at various stages of the world's history have paid this penalty of greatness. But just as the Russian outrages derived their greatest significance from the fact that they were symptomatic of a revolutionary movement among the Russian people, so does this crime from the possibility of its being part of a scarcely veiled rebellion which Lord Morley has had to combat in the Indian subjects of the King. The only consolation is that such atrocities never forward any cause. In this case they have made even the discontented portion of the natives of India turn their sympathy towards the victim. Nothing has been more satisfactory within the last few days than the very decided expressions of indignation which have come from the native papers.

As was generally expected, the American polo team won the second Test Match and the International Cup, and there has been much questioning of heart in consequence. England has had a bad time in athletics recently. On Saturday the Australians won the second Test Match with very great ease, not setting in among the veterans who represented England. On the same day a German won the International swimming championship. Our rowing has been seriously challenged, and the ill-luck has been almost unbroken. It is very absurd, all the same, for journalists to found homilies on national decadence upon a few events of this kind. We in England take on every comer at his or her national game and hold our own against the world. It would be monotonous indeed if we were invariably to win. The opinion of most thoughtful people is that a sound drubbing, occasionally, is the best medicine that can be administered to an Englishman.

A testimony to the progress of aviation is the fact that the French Government has invited the German Government to be represented at the conference for the International Regulation of Airship Traffic. The inference is a fair one that aerial navigation must have become practicable before such a need arises. It starts, however, with a sound practical grievance. The German balloonists complain that when they land in France heavy customs duties are imposed by the French authorities, the tariff applicable to vessels arriving by water being also imposed upon those which come through the air. It would be interesting to have thorough details, because, at the first glance, there does not seem to be much in a balloon on which to exact duties, unless indeed it were stored with merchandise, which is hardly likely to be the case when the occupants are engaged in experimental work.

No man is in greater demand just now than Lieutenant Shackleton, whose fine achievement in penetrating furthest South has made him the hero of the hour. On Tuesday he had a duty to perform that must have been extremely agreeable to him. It was to open the Sports and Pastimes Exhibition at Olympia. At this show are collected all the trophies and weapons of that characteristic class of Englishmen, the big-game-hunters, who, in pursuit of their favourite pastime, have penetrated into the wildest lands. Heads and horns are shown in abundance, and we hope to give an illustrated description of some of them in our next number. There is also on show a wonderful collection of the weapons with which the modern

Nimrod carries on his pursuit, and upon this, too, our experts will have something to say. This week, unfortunately, we go to press too early to enable us to deal with the exhibition in anything except this slight and perfunctory manner.

The opening of an exhibition of Tennyson relics at the Fine Arts Society has inspired several writers to dilate at length upon the alleged change of taste in poetry. Some say it has occurred since Tennyson's death, others go as far back as 1870 to account for it. Probably there has been less alteration than is asserted. As long as any genius is alive he fills a larger place in the public eye than he does after death, and it takes a considerable time after his demise before he falls into his proper place. While alive he is judged by the standard of his contemporaries, among whom he must be one of the greatest. When dead he comes into comparison with all the great figures of every age who have gone before, men who stood head and shoulders above their contemporaries. The living poet who appears perhaps once in a century is measured, when living, by the standard set up by poetasters whose names are forgotten almost before their lips are closed. When he becomes part and parcel of the past it is with Chaucer and Spenser, with Shakespeare and Marlow, with Dryden and Pope, with Shelley and Wordsworth, that he is compared, and the triton, great among minnows, is no longer so extraordinarily great among his peers.

The return of Civil List Pensions granted during the past year was issued on Monday, and contains no very striking figures. Many are little-known names. Indeed, we never read a list of new pensions which contained such a small proportion of popular names. Those that the public are familiar with are Lady Drummond Wolff, who receives a pension of £100; three grand-daughters of Charles Dickens, who receive the small pension of £25 each; the widow of Professor Churton Collins and Miss Grace Keith Johnson, who receives a pension in recognition of the services to geographical science of her late father, Dr. Alexander Keith Johnson. Perhaps the young literary men of to-day do not need to struggle as hard as their forefathers did. At any rate, the list contains no one whom we recognise as fighting that hard battle which Richard Jefferies and the late John Davidson had to fight.

"IN POPULOUS CITY PENT."

By mountain brook, lake, river, sea
I fain would now a wanderer be,
Or in some forest's dappled glade
Lie on soft moss, and court the shade
Of beech-tree boughs a little while,
Where birds with sweetest song beguile
The listening ear, or show their nests
To one who watches while he rests.
There with some bard of other days,
Spenser, or him whose matchless plays
Are never stale, will I converse;
Or Verulam, so wise and terse,
Shall teach his lore, or Plato's page
Shall land me in a wondrous age
Of subtle thought and science small
Touching such matters as men call
Of highest, deepest moment now,—
This strenuous life to which we bow
Our necks in slavery, and die
To treasures which no gold can buy.

R. BRUCE BOSWELL.

Information reaches us that a Faculty is to be applied for to vault the end of the north nave aisle of the Priory Church of Christchurch, Hampshire. It will be most grievous if this fine and historic monument is subjected to any further diminution of its interest by such needless introduction of imitative features. Much harm was done towards the close of the last century by the entire renewal of the tracery of some of the windows and of Norman arcadings and carvings in nave and aisles. The old work was much worn, but its "conjectural" replacement by the modern workman was certainly not the way to add to the value and beauty of the church as a notable example of Mediæval craftsmanship. Nothing whatever should be done beyond such repairs and renovations as the stability of the fabric demands. The proposed vaulting does not come within this category, and it is desirable that all who love the glorious fane within which Margaret Countess of Salisbury erected her wondrous chantry will strenuously oppose the granting of the Faculty.

It would scarcely have been inferred from the benches at the annual show of the National Rose Society or at the Horticultural Society's show at Holland House that such evil weather for gardening had prevailed during the last five or six weeks. In both cases there was an excellent display, and the rosarians had

the advantage of enjoying one of the few perfect days that have been sent to us this year. The Horticultural Society was not so lucky, as it rained nearly the whole time that the show was on. At both exhibitions the public showed their interest by a large attendance. Gardening never was more popular, and perhaps we might say never more intelligently conducted, than at the

present moment, as anyone could tell from listening to the appreciative remarks of those who gathered round the exquisite creeping and climbing roses, which were a popular feature at Regent's Park, and the herbaceous border, which was the newest departure at Holland House. These were only examples of a refinement of taste that is increasing with every show.

THE GRASSHOPPER-WARBLER.

MY common crowns a glorious ridge of hills where the breeze blows ever fresh and cool, though the sea is twenty miles away. Rustling woods, fringed with bracken, alternate with wide, open spaces, dotted with great clumps of gorse, carpeted with coarse grasses, rushes and wild flowers innumerable; for Nature has had free play and has been lavish with her gifts. It is a paradise for the naturalist; the air is resonant with the hum of insects, the thickets vocal with the songs of birds. Lizards scuttle away across your path and the basking grass snakes and adders lie coiled in the sunlight. Beautiful bee-hawk moths hover over rest-harrow and down the sheltered glades the rare wood-white butterfly wings its feeble flight. Pert stonechats stand sentry over the gorse bushes, flitting their tails and uttering their curious note, "u-tick, u-tick," as though two stones were being struck together, trying to make you believe by their agitated behaviour that they have a nest in a dozen different places. They will lead you on and on, if you do not know their wiles, till at last you give up the search, hot, exhausted and bleeding, while in all probability the nest is safely concealed in some tuft of grass in the open 30yds. away. Jays police the woods, betraying your presence to all whom it may concern by their harsh screams; tree-pipits trill their lilting song on short soaring flights, and in the thicket of bushes the turtle-dove croons his soft, purring note. It is a paradise for wild creatures, for there are but few who know my common, and fewer still who visit it.

It is not, however, of its more prominent denizens that I would write, but of a small, skulking bird of mouse-like habits, which winds its way through the grasses, seldom rising on the wing, and then only to fly with drooping flight to the nearest cover. Silent for the most part except at sunrise and dusk, sinking instantly into the densest undergrowth at the slightest alarm, the grasshopper-warbler might well entirely escape observation; yet, when once discovered, it is not hard so to accustom the female to one's presence that one may watch her carry out all her domestic duties from a distance of, perhaps, a couple of yards. Soberly dressed in olive brown, streaked longitudinally with darker brown on the back, somewhat like the hedge-sparrow, pale brown on the under parts, with a few dark spots on the neck and breast, the grasshopper-warbler has no salient feature, except the tail, which is long, strikingly broad and tinged with a slightly redder hue than the rest of her plumage. Thus attired, the birds harmonise wonderfully with their surroundings, and, as might be expected, choose some dense tangle of long, coarse, dead grass, bramble or gorse in which to make their nests. These are usually so skilfully concealed that



THE GRASSHOPPER-WARBLER'S NEST.

they can rarely be found, except by flushing the parent birds. Thus it was that the nest, which has been under my observation for nearly a month, was discovered—the result of a headlong chase by a youthful entomologist, to whose credit be it said that, though a collector, he only took one of the four eggs it then contained. On the next day, May 30th, when I photographed the nest, another egg had been laid, and on May 31st the clutch of six was completed. The nest was situated in a little island of long dead grass and bramble some 4yds. long and about 2yds. in breadth. Composed of moss and bents, neatly lined with fine dry grasses, it was placed practically on the ground, and so perfectly concealed that it was impossible to photograph it without partially pulling aside the cover. After the picture was taken I replaced the grasses as nearly as possible as they had been before, and, obliterating my own traces lest they should betray the bird's secret, I left her to the task of incubation. A fortnight later, on June 14th, four young birds were hatched—one egg being addled—and their troubles began forthwith, for they were welcomed by torrential storms of rain and hail, thunder and a bitter north wind. Profiting by an afternoon's sunshine when they were two days old,



BROODING.

I set up my camera on a dwarf tripod, screened it with sprays of bramble, grasses and gorse, and laid bare the nest in order to have sufficient light to make instantaneous exposures. The parent bird had slunk quietly away at my approach, and by the time I had finished my preparations had returned with a supply of small caterpillars. The change in the surroundings seemed in no way to disconcert her, and standing about 10 yds. off, I watched her enter the tangle, crawling between the legs of the camera with the utmost unconcern. In less than ten minutes I had made two exposures, working the shutter by a string. True, it was guesswork, for I could see nothing of the nest; but development proved that the bird had been sitting on each occasion. To obtain pictures of her feeding her young ones it was necessary to be in view of the nest. Approaching gradually and "freezing" to a statue whenever she wished to tend her young, allowing her to feed them and sit on the nest from time to time without the click of the focal plane shutter to send her slinking into cover, I was at last able to stand within 3 yds. of the nest and watch her every movement.

Despite the fact that I had absolutely no screen, and that her nest was laid bare on one side, the warbler never flew to it direct, but preferred to approach along one of two or three regular tracks, one of which began almost at my feet. One could follow her movements by the slight rustling sound she made, and here and there one caught a glimpse of her as she passed a tiny gap in the tunnel; then the grasses at the back of the nest would part and a slender, shadowy brown form appeared. Two or three caterpillars were brought at a time, and these were distributed among the young ones with apparent deliberation, then, pausing a moment on the edge of the nest, she would make an inspection from the sanitary point of view, and carry off the excrement of her young, which is encased in a filmy sack designed by Nature to facilitate the operation.

Very soon she learned not to be frightened by the click of the shutter, and when I approached to change the plates,



HUNGRY MOUTHS.

she would merely slip a yard away and play hide-and-seek with me among the leaves, searching the under-sides for insects, and occasionally mounting on some prominent stem and giving vent to a soft low song—not the well-known ventriloquial "grasshopper" notes, but a bar or two of liquid notes which could scarcely have been heard a dozen paces away.

There was something so confiding, so absolutely trustful about the bird that one would have done much to spare her any pain, however short-lived. But the weather was beyond control, and on my next visit I found that one of the young birds had disappeared and that another looked sickly. It seemed certain that no animal of prey had claimed the missing one as a victim, or why had the



SLINKING AWAY.

three been spared? Death must have been due to the cold and wet of a treacherous June. Five days later the little brood had been reduced to one, and I could only hope that joy in the survivor had lessened the pain of the parent birds as they carried their dead chicks one after the other from the nest, warned by some instinct that death means corruption. When first hatched I had noticed that three of the young birds had three jet black spots on the tongue, two at the base and one at the tip, while the fourth was perfectly free. Was it a mark of sex, or the symptom of some fell disease? I thought probably the former; at all events, the survivor was one of the spotted ones.

During all this time the male bird was gradually overcoming his shyness. On the first day I had not seen him at all, although I heard him occasionally in the distance. The next day, however, he would venture to the edge of the island clump which contained the nest and hand over the results of his foraging to his more courageous mate. Small dragon-flies formed a favourite item in the bill of fare, and green caterpillars were brought with astonishing frequency. The birds seemed to have no difficulty in finding them, always flying to a clump of willows—a veritable larder with an inexhaustible supply. On my third visit the male plucked up sufficient courage to come to the nest; but he was by no means confident, always being ready to retreat in an instant, and never dallying fondly to admire his chicks, as the female delighted to do. On this visit the last survivor, now eight days old, was fairly well feathered, though the plumage on the wings and tail had not yet entirely burst from the quill sheaths. That night the elements seemed to unite in an attempt to destroy this one remaining chick, and despite its dense covering the nest

became so sodden that the young bird was forced to abandon it and seek shelter elsewhere. It had learned many a lesson in the hard school of adversity not known by most young birds of its age, could run and twist its way through the tangle with surprising strength and swiftness, had learned to call its parents and could detect their rustling approach from quite a

distance, turning its head unerringly in the direction whence it expected food. It was with the greatest difficulty that I persuaded it to remain on the nest, now battered out of the cup shape to a mere platform. But it was my last chance of securing pictures, and, after persevering for more than half-an-hour, I succeeded. Each time I stepped back and let it free it would rise and dive into the undergrowth, where it was very difficult to find, travelling the whole length of the patch if given half a minute's grace. During most of the time I was handling the young bird, putting it back on the nest as fast as it ran off, the devoted mother remained in the patch not a couple of yards from me, feeding her chick from time to time with caterpillars found close at hand. On one occasion when I was searching for the young bird, it ran out into the open, perhaps 18 in. from my hand, and immediately the parent bird followed, anxious for its safety beyond the friendly cover. I spoke softly to her, and to my delight she led the little one straight back to me, so close that I could have touched them. And thus I left them, glad that four weeks of patient waiting and ceaseless care had not been entirely in vain, for the sturdy little chick had learned the lesson of obedience, and proved its right to live. Later storms would be passed in safety beneath the shelter of the mother's wing, and now, I doubt not, it is almost as hardy as the parent birds themselves.

A. J. R. ROBERTS.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE CARDOON.

THIS excellent vegetable has long been known in England, at least in books; but it is rarely that one sees any earnest effort to grow it well and to cook it well. We are apt to treat such things as curiosities and are generally not in earnest as regards their cultivation. Its culture should be faced in no half-hearted way either by the gardener or the cook. English gardeners can grow it well; any difficulty that arises lies in its ripening and saving in autumn. To the degree of blanching and storing we are not accustomed. Of the value of the plant as a winter store, the fact that it has been in use for at least six months this past winter and spring should be evidence. It may be yet in use for all I know; my last dish of it was in the middle of May. Rightly cooked, it is a really good addition to our winter vegetables. It is easily grown in



THE MALE WAS MUCH MORE TIMID.

trenches in a similar way to Celery, and is a handsome plant in the kitchen garden. Its cooking I leave to others; but, like so many other things, it is good or bad food according to the way it is treated in the kitchen. Served by the French cooks it is often excellent, and in France it is a common crop of the kitchen garden, as it might well be also in many parts of our country.

The name and origin of this handsome plant are interesting. Its botanical name is distinct from that of the Artichoke, but I think the Cardoon is simply a variety, and, just as the wild Chicory has given rise to several races of distinct use, so this is a variety of the Artichoke running to big stalks.

The culture is easy in broad trenches, the plants about 1 yd. apart. The difficulty in our country arises in the blanching and storing. In gardens in the Thames Valley, where the soil is warm, such as the good kitchen garden at Syon, where the plant was well grown by George Royds, its culture is a very different matter from what it is in heavy, stodgy soil, which makes blanching difficult without the haybands or bracken or some other aids apart from the soil.

The blanching should be done on a dry day and after the plants have been well exposed to a drying wind. After the haybands the plants should be banked up near the top and the earth beaten up quite firm; but I am not sure whether in very heavy soils it is not better to do without the earthing and use dried bracken, which is common in many places. As the plants when blanched in autumn are rather tender, they should be protected with straw or bracken. The best way is to put them in a cool, dry cellar, where the stalks are not exposed to the light.

Where people do not grow the plant, or fail in doing so, it is worth buying, as it is one of the products that help to break the monotony of the table. It is largely grown in France and Switzerland, and our markets are well supplied with it. The plant is always raised from seed sown in April or May, according to the locality, and in France is sown in pockets filled with good compost. In our own country it is often advisable to sow it in pots.

As to kinds, some growers object to the spring sorts as difficult to handle and blanch. The Tours variety, in spite of its spines, is considered a very good one. A good kind that is not spiny is



THE GRASSHOPPER-WARBLER: THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.



M. C. Cottam. A GIANT PLANE TREE. Copyright

the Long Spanish, and a distinct spineless variety is Cardoon Puvis, which is much grown in the neighbourhood of Lyons. W. R.

IN ROSE-TIME.

ONE of the most instructive exhibitions that take place in the horticultural world is that of the National Rose Society at Regent's Park. Unfortunately, the display this year was far below the average, but we have to thank the abominable weather of June for this falling off. Fortunately the day was a real summer one, and Her Majesty the Queen, the patroness of this society, spent much time among the flowers. One does not wish so much to write about the prize-winners; but as the years roll on it is noticeable at such great exhibitions as this that the decorative kinds of Roses are becoming more and more popular. There is beauty in the show Rose, beauty of form, beauty of colour, and in it the skill of the grower is evidenced; but it is in the garden, rambling over pergola, arch or pillar, that the Rose seems to appeal to one most. It was noticeable that the part of the tents devoted to new Roses was thronged the whole day, and two more beautiful Roses have seldom been seen than those shown by Mr. Hugh Dickson of Belfast. One was named the Countess of Shaftesbury, a flower of remarkably beautiful colour, salmon-pink mingled with orange, and with dark foliage to throw up these shades. The other was called Lady Pirrie, which was also of great interest for the tints of its unusual mingling of salmon and apricot. The Rose we appreciated most was called Ariel, exhibited in a group by Messrs. Paul of Cheshunt. It is a single kind—a cross between Jersey Beauty and Tea Rambler—the flowers a deep crimson, and thrown into relief by the intensely dark foliage. It is gratifying to know that our English nurserymen are striving to lengthen the season of the decorative Roses, and by "decorative" we mean those that simply run riot in the garden. We want more in the autumn of the Euphrosyne and Thalia type, because they carry the Rose on to the threshold of winter. Fellenberg, Favier, George Nabonnand and, of course, our friend the Monthly Rose bloom in sunny corners when the Asters and Golden Rods have disappeared. The National Rose Society is one of the most progressive of all the

horticultural institutions, and the presence of Her Majesty the Queen, year by year, is testimony to the popularity of the flower. A garden without Roses is not worthy of the name, and we have to thank English hybridists for contributing so much beauty to the surroundings of our homes, and while writing this we pay great tribute to the French raisers. Many of the most beautiful Roses we have in our gardens were raised in France, such as Mme. Abel Chatenay and others the names of which indicate their origin.

The object of the show is to foster the love of Roses wherever there is a garden. At this season of the year Roses are everywhere, and it is interesting to know that the late Lord Penzance had the inspiration to bring the wild Rose and the hedge Rose into crossing with the Austrian Briars. That is the reason why we have all these beautiful ramblers. The Japanese Rose, *Rosa wichuraiana*, was simply a wild Rose which has been increased by crossing with other Roses, and much of this is due to our English growers. It is Roses, Roses everywhere, and the Rose is the sweetest tribute to the English garden. It is a pity that some of the old Roses, those that the late Dean Hole loved so much—such as the Cabbage Rose and others that brought more fragrance to the garden than do the modern Roses—are now being somewhat forgotten. The thought of Roses naturally suggests scent. Take the Rose Frau Karl Druschki, as white as the snow in winter, but without that fragrance which the wild Roses give to us in the hedgerow. It is interesting to know that the Irish Rose-growers, like Mr. Hugh Dickson or Mr. Alex. Dickson, bring from that island flowers which we are always pleased to see and that win many prizes.

On looking through the tents at the Royal Botanic Society's Gardens one's attention is attracted by the colour of the Roses. Times are changing, and we love those colours which seem to appeal to all who possess gardens. In Euphrosyne and Thalia one sees the beauty of the pink against the white, and the National Rose Society has done and is doing a great work. It is to its committee of Rose enthusiasts, who exercise great influence in the Rose world, that we are indebted for much of the beauty of our English gardens. Rose-growing in these days is part of the most beautiful and interesting work connected with gardening.

THE TREES AT MOTTISFONT ABBEY.

IN the grounds of Mottisfont Abbey, Hampshire, are several notable trees, some of which are represented here. For many centuries they have been growing to maturity, their roots embedded in the soft, moist earth on the banks of the river Test. Their branches hang over the waters; indeed, almost reaching to the far side of the river. The gigantic plane tree illustrated here is the second largest in England, the largest being near Peterborough. In a little book published in 1805, called "Tours Round Southampton," it is thus mentioned: "One of the Plane trees, near the house, is particularly striking. It shoots up two stately stems, and the long limber branches, bowed nearly to the ground at their extremities by the weight of the foliage, form an elegant canopy and afford a most grateful shade." Now, more than 100 years after this was written, the girth of this noble tree, 5ft. 6in. from the ground, is 36ft. 6in. At 6ft. from the ground the trunk divides into two stems, one being 21ft. and the other 16ft. in circumference. The branches from tip to tip cover 114ft. of ground. But for



M. C. Cottam.

AN ANCIENT MONARCH.

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timely support many of these great branches would have dropped to the earth and taken root. One indeed has done so, being too heavy for its prop.

This re-rooting of branches is strikingly illustrated in the horse-chestnut, two photographs of which are here given. The tree has fifteen branches re-rooted and growing into tidy trees on their own account, the whole diameter of ground covered by these branch-trees being 93ft. This chestnut grows at the head of the beautiful "font," or spring, that gives its name to the place—"Mottisfont," known in Domesday Book as "Mortes-funde." An Augustinian Priory was built there in John's reign by one William Briwere. That was dismantled later by Henry VIII., and the property exchanged by him with Lord Sandys for the Manor of Chelsea, on which Chelsea Hospital was built. Not a bad exchange for our all-powerful King! Over the ruins of the dismantled Priory Lord Sandys built the picturesque house that now stands there, utilising the arches of the Priory in the basement and cellars of his mansion. The cloisters form picturesque caves for modern vintage, the Lady Chapel becomes a dairy, and the meat stores hang in the old refectory. Small wonder that the shades of the old monks wander restless in the dim-lit passages above, tinkling their little bells of warning.

To return to our trees, we can, perhaps, go still further back in history than the old cloisters. The ancient oak tree shown in



M. C. Collam.

HORSE-CHESTNUT WITH RE-ROOTED BRANCHES.

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the photograph is reputed to be the one mentioned in Domesday Book near Mortes-funde. If it is so, the tree is some 1,000 years old. The trunk is hollow, and the branches are shrunk and withered with the storms of centuries; but still each spring it dons its garb of tender green and pink to meet the sunshine that brings the marigold and the May-fly to the banks of the river Test.

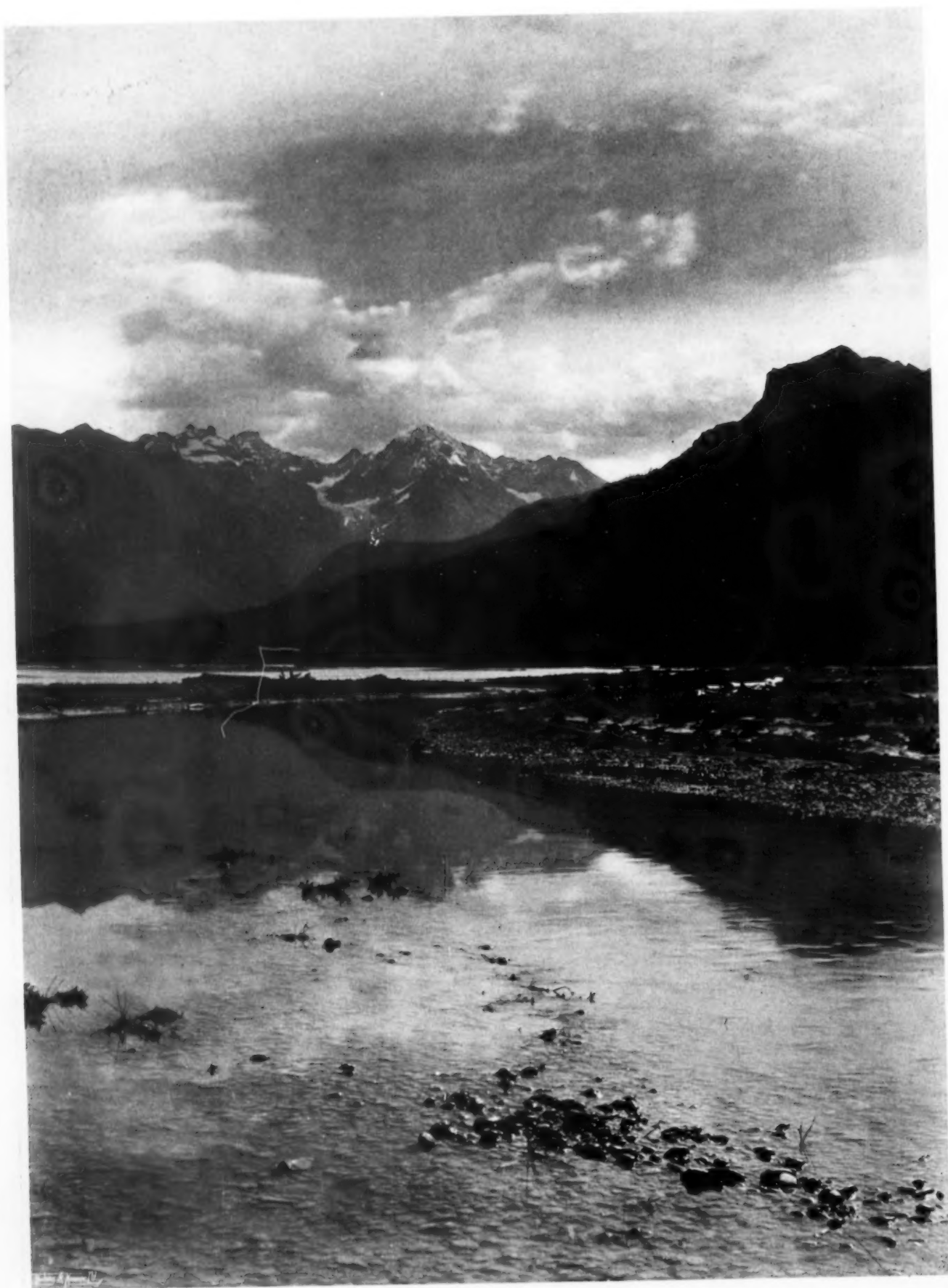
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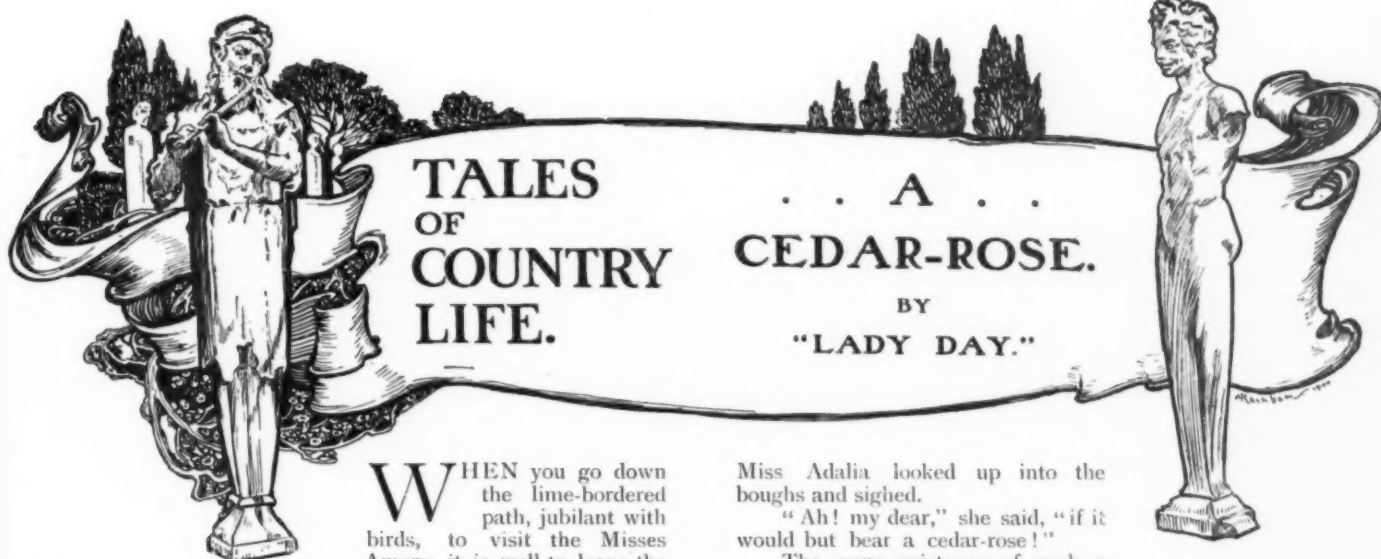
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FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

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*S. Spencer.**BUSH VALLEY: CANADIAN ROCKIES.*

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WHEN you go down the lime-bordered path, jubilant with birds, to visit the Misses Amory, it is well to leave the vivid present at the garden gate, where you ring and wait like Christian for entrance. They are timid souls, and lock themselves into their fortress-like house in its enclosed garden, for fear of tramps.

Quite a little while after ringing, you hear the bell sound softly from a distance, as if it echoed down the dim passages of years.

Here the Past sleeps, still as the Sleeping Beauty, but of a relentless plainness of feature, for the youth of the Misses Amory held no romance. No gay lover ever stood in his stirrups for a glimpse into the garden, no clamorous manhood ever pealed the bell.

"How safe you are in here, Betty!" I said once to the little handmaid as she let me in.

"Too safe by far, Miss," she answered, wistfully, lingering near the gate with the look in her eyes of one who listens for a known step.

The path leads between privet hedges to the plain old house, which you enter through a glass porch all in a green haze of ferns.

No scent of dried rose leaves or lavender meets you on the threshold, for the garden never grew flowers, being too much overshadowed by an immense cedar, the pride of the old ladies' hearts. The plain rooms are permeated with the clean aroma of the spreading boughs, under which these lives came into the world, grew to womanhood, and have now grown old. Below the eastern windows is a little lawn, covered towards autumn with round, green cedar fruit.

"It is so terribly untidy, my dear," Miss Jane always says with a sigh; "but I cannot engage a boy to gather them up, for what would the birds do if a noisy boy came in here?"

It is truly an unanswerable problem, for the birds are the real owners of the house and garden; they build in the bedrooms, go to roost in the sacred cedar and have a safe home in the old ladies' hearts. The steep garden is a place of half-lights and grey rockwork, where still remain the little pools and disused fountains loved by childish imaginations, and high on the house still hangs the bell which used to call in three good little girls to bed.

Sometimes when the wind is moaning in the cedar it tolls the bell, and it is as though the spirit hands of their austere father still held the rope. There is no need now for a bedtime bell—they are quite ready for rest at the end of their busy day, and rheumatism waits to seize them in the damp garden at dusk.

Their occasional tea-parties, always limited to one guest—for they do not feel equal to entertaining more at a time—are held on the lawn only in the hottest weather, where it is restful and cool beneath the dark boughs.

One hot day we sat down to rest there after a busy and strenuous tidying of the little green fruit. We gathered it in baskets and took these down the mossy path and emptied them into the stream. How glad I should be to collect all the unnecessary little worries and cares of these two people and throw them far out into Lethe!

Miss Jane having gone in to make the tea (it was Betty's "afternoon out") and having refused proffered help, Miss Adalia and I conversed about the usual topics, which hold an ever new delight when treated with her sweet and tender insight. We touched on the growth of "our tree," the callow brood at that moment being arranged by careful parents on a lower bough and the satisfactory improvement brought about by our afternoon's work. Then

Miss Adalia looked up into the boughs and sighed.

"Ah! my dear," she said, "if it would but bear a cedar-rose!"

The very existence of such a delightful thing had been hitherto unknown to me, so I asked her to tell me about it.

"I never saw one myself, dear," she said; "but they are beautiful as they are rare. Once in a number of years one or two will appear on a cedar tree among the common fruit. They are rose-coloured, with curving petals, only in scent and substance unlike garden roses. They are like fir-cones to touch, and they have the fragrance of cedar-wood. I do not know by what law it is that they appear so seldom; Mary was our botanist, she would have told you." (Mary's footsteps having wandered thirty years ago into the garden of Eternity, the question must wait.) "Our tree has not borne one for more than seventy years," continued Miss Adalia. "Not since our mother found one when she came into the garden on her wedding day. That was before the railways, and father had brought her on a pillion from her home in Cheswardine. Well, my dear, whether it was its rarity, or our mother's finding it on such an auspicious occasion, or whether it was merely the wayward imagination of a child, I cannot say, but I always thought that the finding of a cedar-rose meant a happy life for the finder. Do not think me very foolish if I confess that the happiness I dreamt of was a little romantic. We were never allowed, and rightly, to read novels, but there are beautiful stories in the Bible, and it was of a joy like Rachel's that I sometimes dreamt. Not very often, for we were sensibly brought up, and I never spoke of it to anyone but Mary. Still, that was what the blossoming of a cedar-rose meant for me."

So year by year had her gentle eyes looked for this blossom of joy and never found it. She had not wanted rose gardens or riotously scented parterres—only this one rather sombre flower, fit ornament of a sombre life. Such a little would have done! Some staid farmer whom she would have idolised and surrounded with comfort, and who would have given her quiet affection: she would not have desired the tropical splendours of love; and if her bliss were to be very perfect, a child to inhabit the warm house of her heart. Just one cedar-rose! Many less worthy have much more; and here was she with only the common hard fruit of little duties and cares.

"I have been very happy," she continued, as though afraid she had complained; "we had a happy life, Jane and Mary and I, while our mother lived; and even after her death—though we sadly missed her—our home was a united one and dear father ever kind, if not indulgent. He did not like society, so we saw few people and seldom went out; but Jane had her house-keeping and visiting of the poor, Mary her botany and I my painting; and then father was so clever, and would sometimes talk to us and teach us most interesting things."

The pity of it! What were the gallants of the fifties doing, what was Mother Nature doing, that this should have happened? Because Miss Adalia was plain of feature, untalented in mind and secluded in life, there was no reason why she should not have fulfilled her woman's vocation. For she was not made to be a worker like Miss Jane; even her paintings are pathetically faulty in technique, her art is not great enough to shadow forth her fluttering yearnings. The earliest are the best, reminiscences of her gala days, when she and her sisters were driven by their father in "the chaise" to some outlying farm, coming home along the winding country roads at dusk with a delightful sense of adventure accomplished. As I said good-night—Miss Jane having gone to fetch the gate key—Miss Adalia asked me gravely if I thought the blooming of a cedar flower before her death too small a thing to pray for. It was with the reiterated "why?" which we all hurl at circumstance sometimes that I

went under the limes, where the dusk was piercingly sweet with the drooping flowers, and the birds were fluffing their feathers softly for the night.

It must have been about ten days later that I stood at the gate, again with a bunch of roses in my hand, listening to the distant bell, the bees in the privet and the robins.

"Oh! Miss," exclaimed Betty when she saw me, "Miss Adalia she wur main bad one mornin', and she swooned right away, and I run to Jim, and Jim 'e run like the wind for the doctor!"

Being much concerned about the first part of the sentence, it was not until afterwards that I enquired concerning the "Jim" to whom Betty so naturally fled and who possessed such a Grecian accomplishment, and lit upon an idyll in the making.

Miss Adalia was on the little lawn, as the day was very hot, and welcomed me as usual with her reserved sweetness of courtesy. The freshness of the cedar, which is more an atmosphere than a scent, encompassed us, just as the old ladies' homely goodness breathes about them. There is no incense-like saintliness nor the desperate sweetness of passionate self-sacrifice; it is just natural wholesome righteousness. Sitting so, beneath the sun-resisting boughs, with a tame robin singing shrilly and gladly above, and the distant tones of Miss Jane admonishing Betty, the one miracle of Miss Adalia's life was shown to me. Her face was young again as she slowly and mysteriously unfolded her hands, which had lain in her lap one upon the other; and there, glowing on her black dress like sunrise over yew trees, was what I knew at once to be a cedar-rose. How and whence had it come so unexpectedly? Looking up into the density of foliage, I wondered how those solid branches could bear anything so fragile-looking, so delicate, as this. Looking at her transfigured face, the wonder grew.

"Oh, my dear!" she said, in a breathless tone of rapture. "On Friday morning early, when I came to feed the robins as usual, I was standing just here, and suddenly there came a little stir of wind above, and something fell softly—so softly—on the grass. And there at my feet was the cedar-rose!" Her voice quite shook with joy. "Look at it, dear; you may never see another. See the delicate petals, the faint pink colour, the lovely shape. It must have budded and blossomed on some hidden branch high up, and that was why I never saw it." Then she added softly, as if to herself: "So long in coming, but so lovely when it came." Then she turned enquiringly to me. "What can it mean? I am sure it prophesies something wonderful for me. It is childish and superstitious, I know; but I cannot help regarding it as a herald of coming joy."

"I hope so, dear Miss Adalia," was all I could say, for what bloom of youth and its happiness could come now to this tired woman of seventy? What would ease, travel or riches do for her now? Away from her sheltered nook she would be unhappy; ease she did not desire; of money she had enough. Yet here she was, with eyes alight with longing, watching my face and waiting almost with awe for the naming of the coming joy.

"What can it be?" she wondered.

A hint of wind arose, for the air was electric with coming thunder, sending down showers of green balls on our tidied lawn, and, swaying the high old bell, drew from it the echo of a sound.

"Wait and see, Miss Adalia," I said, with a laugh, though tears were nearer; and she laughed, too, and closed her hands upon her flower as Miss Jane came out to summon us to tea. Miss Jane was evidently worrying a good deal about her sister's "indisposition," to which the doctor had as yet given no name; but outwardly she was very bracing. Only after tea, when she went with me down to the stream at the foot of the garden, while we gazed down into the brown, still water, which always

typifies Lethe to me, she asked anxiously if I saw any change in Miss Adalia.

"Sometimes she looks so like Mary did, and it makes me anxious, for Mary died of a decline, you know."

She was much relieved at my assurance that no change was apparent to me, and said that she hoped great things from the doctor's next visit, as it was now nearly a week since he last saw her sister on Friday, the day she fainted in the garden. When Miss Adalia said good-night to me, she told me that she meant to "confide in Jane about the rose," as she thought it only right. I wondered what that lady of sound practical sense would say to her sister's day-dreams.

My one idea was to devise some pleasure which should fitly fulfil the flower's prophecy. But the unaccustomed is not sweet to age, peace is better than intenser joys, and there seemed nothing to be done. However, one day I met the doctor by chance and, asking his advice on the subject, found that things were arranged without my feeble intervention. My schemes were unnecessary, even as my sorrow was useless. In a very little while now a wind will stir the shadowy depths of the cedar, swaying the bedtime bell into whispering vibrations, and drawing away Miss Adalia's spirit out of the silent house and garden over the river of Lethe. Then, at last, her life's dark cedar will bear its immortal flower.

THE ROCK GARDEN AT LEONARDSLEE.

ONE of the most beautiful gardens in England—a garden in the truest sense of the word—is Leonardslee, a home of Sir Edmund Loder, Bart., whose love of flowers has made this fairyland of English scenery into a retreat for many of the exotics from over the seas. It is difficult to describe, and more difficult still to show in photography its



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HEATHS IN THE ROCK GARDEN.

COUNTRY LIFE.

characteristics. The nearest station is Horsham, and from there a drive of about five miles through the heart of Sussex brings the visitor to the garden—a garden set between the hills. In the valley runs a rivulet with water flowers by the brink. Tree and shrub, winding walks, glimpses of even the sea itself combine to form the charm of this garden. But there is something more than scenery. Sir Edmund Loder has a knowledge that few possess of the Himalayan Rhododendrons. Masses of the rarer species, with their wealth of flowers and vigour of growth, arrest the eye of the visitor. There are to be seen the exquisite Rhododendron Aucklandi, the crimson *R. cinnabarinum*, *blandfordianum* and seedlings of great beauty. A book might well be written of the importance of bringing into the garden, under suitable conditions, the Himalayan and other shrubs which are regarded as exotic. Exotic they are, but many plants from different climes than ours flourish exceedingly over here when the garden is sheltered. The Himalayan Rhododendrons are among the fairest flowers of the world. There is a house devoted to them at Leonardslee; but we rejoice most in those in the open garden, where they display the same vigorous growth as in their native land. Rare and familiar species break unexpectedly on the view, and the attention is attracted to the hillside opposite, where Rhododendrons and Azaleas make colour pictures of surprising beauty. By the water-side at the time of our visit was *Caltha polysepala*, a species of Marsh Marigold, which first flowered at Leonardslee.

The Azaleas this year were a revelation of colouring, masses of bloom lighting up the hillside with their splendour and scenting the air with their fragrance. One plant in flower was *Caltha polysepala*, whose golden yellow flowers were reflected in the water. This is a plant all who love flowers by the lake, pond or stream side should possess. Our wilding Marsh Marigold is familiar, but this may be called a giant form, more imposing even than the Larger Buttercup (*Ranunculus Lingua*). Spring and early summer are the times to see this garden in its fullest beauty. The Azaleas, as we have mentioned, bring colour and picturesque beauty wherever they are planted. Azalea-time at Kew, for instance,



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WHERE SPRING FLOWERS FLOURISH.

"C.L."

is the most welcome of the year, and I believe the groups there, surrounded by Magnolias and other trees to throw into relief the brilliancy and variety of the flower colouring, have had a strong influence in promoting a love of gardening.

Apart from the beauty of this garden, its wildness and the numberless plants one is glad to see in England under conditions differing from those in which they live in their native country, there is also here a rock garden. A rock garden made as it should be, planted with such flowers as *Aubrietia*, *Alyssum*, *Arabis*, etc., is a rock garden founded naturally. There can be grown many beautiful flowers from the Alps and Himalayas. This one at Leonardslee to those who love flowers is a pure delight. A mass of colour, wandering walks, here a splash of blue, and there a splash of yellow, then suddenly a view of streaming water which adds to the beauty of the wildness we love so much, make up a whole which gives a thousand new ideas to those who are devoted to their gardens. Nothing to offend the eye, but everything planned for the sake of the flowers brought from the Alps and elsewhere that will enable them to attain to and show all their natural beauty. Leonardslee is a garden happily situated, and when one walks on the hilltop the breath of



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A CORNER OF THE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the sea seems to float across this mass of flowers. Beyond the mere pictorial beauty of the place, there is something which appeals to those who have an eye that can see more than the mere picture, and that is the development of those flowers in which Sir Edmund Loder takes a delight.

It is not given to everyone to see so many Rhododendrons growing as if they were in their native land; but it is much more pleasurable to see the seedlings which have been raised in this beautiful Sussex home. Here we have under certain conditions a beautiful English garden, colour, fragrance and everything that one wants to surround an English home. It is a garden for the specialist. Sometimes the gardens for the specialists are most uninteresting; but at Leonardslee we have knowledge and the pictorial love of flowers truly and happily blended together. The specialist can revel in this garden, and

the exact locality; but the nesting-places were found on a large tract of shingle, having a sparse covering of long grass. One regrets that the eggs were taken and the birds not allowed to rear their young; but it is interesting to find such shy breeders as dunlin now are in the South of England thus nesting within sixty-five miles of London.

RANGE OF THE DUNLIN

This bird, like most of the sandpipers, has an immensely wide range, whether during the nesting period or for the rest of the season, when it goes Southward. During the breeding-time immense numbers make their nesting haunts far within the Arctic Circle. From the Hebrides eastward, the breeding zone of this prolific species extends through the whole of North Europe and Asia, as well as over most of North America. Holland, Denmark and the Coast of North Germany are among its lower European nesting-places, while, further South, it is known to breed in the marshes of Venetia and the South of Spain. Greenland, Spitzbergen, Iceland, Kolguev and Novaya Zemlya are among the remotest Northern nesting-places of this



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THE ROCK GARDEN AT LEONARDSLEE.

'COUNTRY LIFE.'

those who do not know the Rhododendron from the Azalea can appreciate the beauty and scent of their flowers. As the summer wanes, there comes something else to greet the autumn—the tints of the trees that surround that lovely valley. C.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

DUNLIN NESTING IN SUSSEX.

It seems to be generally supposed that in the South of England dunlin breed only in the wilder parts of Cornwall and Devon. Exmoor, which lies partly in North Devon, partly in Somerset, is known as a nesting-place of this species; while some few localities in Wales, Lancashire and Lincolnshire are also resorted to by these birds during their nesting season. From the Yorkshire moors northward to the Scottish Border, dunlin are found nesting here and there during the breeding season. Scotland, where wild and suitable localities abound, is, of course, a well-known nesting haunt of this sandpiper, as are also a good many parts of Ireland. It is interesting to find that, although dunlin nowadays very rarely remain to breed in the South of England, one or two pairs have undoubtedly nested in Sussex, near the coast-line, during the last year or two. I have satisfied myself of the fact by close enquiry. Two clutches of eggs have been brought in, and the nests and eggs identified by a thoroughly reliable taxidermist and ornithologist. For obvious reasons I do not wish to give away

restless and far-ranging species. During the winter season vast numbers of dunlin go South, and are found not only as far down as the Mediterranean and the Canaries, but in Africa as far south as the neighbourhood of Zanzibar. It has always been a puzzle to me why the dunlin, having got thus far through the Dark Continent, should not ultimately reach the littoral of Cape Colony, as do the little stint, the knot, the pigmy curlew, the ruff and reeve and other waders which we class as British. But hitherto the dunlin has not been identified in Africa south of Zanzibar, an odd fact in natural history, which is difficult of explanation. During the colder months, those dunlin which breed in Siberia are found in India, China and other tropical regions; similarly, those nesting in North America descend as far south as California and the West Indies.

NESTING REDSHANKS.

While the dunlin is, as I have shown, a very rare breeder in the South of England, the redshank, a bird which in the shooting season is far more wide awake and suspicious than its small cousin, the "ox-bird," seems to be much less concerned as to its proximity to man during the nesting period. I am familiar with a tract of marsh and shingle, which lies on the outskirts of a coast town of 50,000 inhabitants, where these birds still nest every year, some of them within 300 yds. of the outermost fringe of bricks and mortar. Some of them naturally lose their eggs to the prowling town-boy, but others still manage to rear their young. Only last week I saw two or three pairs which had their offspring hatched out, and by their chiding clamour expressed their resentment at my appearance on the tract of shingle where the young birds

were squatting. About a month before, on another expanse of Sussex marsh, I was witness of a curious piece of foolishness on the part of the redshank. Several pairs were breeding in the locality, and as we walked down to the sea, a hen bird went off her nest from a dense patch of long grass. So well was the nest concealed that we missed it and went on. Coming back an hour later, we searched the same piece of grass, not with any intention of robbing the nest, but as a mere matter of identification and for the pleasure of setting eyes on these handsome eggs. I doubt if we should have lit on the

sitting redshank and her nest even then, had not the male bird, who was flying anxiously in attendance some 70yds. off, foolishly given the whole thing away. We were right over the nest, as it happened, and at that fateful moment "papa" redshank gave a shrill call to his wife. On the instant up she bounced like a rocket from under our very noses, and there in the long dry grass lay the nest, with four handsome eggs. I believe that if "papa" had held his tongue we should have missed the nest, so deftly was it concealed and so close the hen bird lay.

H. A. B.

THE COASTGUARD & ITS FUTURE.

THE public is vaguely aware that a sword of Damocles hangs suspended over that deservedly popular branch of the Naval Reserves, the Coastguard force. During the past three years the force has been reduced by more than 600 men, and 128 stations have been closed.

You may read in the advertisement columns of the newspapers that many of the trim, whitewashed buildings are to be let or sold; but neither the questions asked in Parliament nor the official replies have clearly explained the gradual reduction of the Coastguard. It should not be assumed that the abolition of this popular force has been planned by the Admiralty without strong reasons. The Report of the Inter-Departmental Committee was presented to Parliament last year, but in order to understand a free translation of it one must note the origin of the Coastguard, and how the force came to be transferred from the Customs to the Admiralty in 1856.

Going back to the year 1698 one finds records of a body of "Riding Officers," 300 strong, employed to check smuggling. These Revenue horsemen appear to have been raised at this period, and a sum of £20,000 was voted for their maintenance. Each "Riding Officer" patrolled a few miles of coast-line, and the thin chain of riders was so scattered that resolute smugglers broke through it with impunity. After several of these mounted patrols had been murdered by the smugglers, the Revenue Department sought the aid of Dragoons; but smuggling steadily increased, notwithstanding military support, the organisation of the smuggling gangs being superior to that of the Revenue protectors. As everyone knows, the illicit traffic was so profitable as to attract thousands of men who lived by the so-called "free trade," and in some cases made large fortunes by it. The traffic reached its height about the middle of the eighteenth century, still continued to occupy thousands of people up to 1816, and then, thanks to the active co-operation of the Navy with the Customs, was gradually—very gradually—stamped out, and was entirely suppressed in 1851. So daring and well organised were the smugglers that, in 1747, the notorious Hawkhurst gang broke

open the Custom House at Poole, carried off a quantity of tea that had been seized by the Revenue, and barbarously murdered two men suspected of being informers. This horrible outrage stirred the kingdom, and the leaders of the gang were hanged at Tyburn; but the "free trade" went on briskly till many years later. It was tardily recognised that smuggling could not be stamped out by Riding Officers and Dragoons; but it was not until the close of the Napoleonic wars that our Navy had leisure to co-operate with the Revenue guards.

We now come to the beginning of the Coastguard as we know that force to-day. One of the first steps taken by the Admiralty in 1816 was to establish a strict blockade of the coasts of Kent and Sussex. A warship was stationed in the Downs, a second at Newhaven. The crews of these ships were landed, broken up into detachments, and quartered in Martello towers along the coast. Each detachment was under a Navy lieutenant, but captains organised the blockade and evolved an excellent system which put an end to "free trade" in Kent and Sussex. Simultaneously, the Customs largely augmented the number of Revenue cutters, which had hitherto proved of little service in intercepting the swift lugger. Cruising watchfully by day, these Revenue cutters sent out their boats by night to row guard over the smuggling centres. Thus was created the "Preventative Water Guard," gradually established all round the coast. The Water-guard was the real germ of the Coastguard, and it should be noted that the officers and men were paid by the Customs until the Admiralty took over the whole of the force in 1856. The naval blockade ended in 1831, after lasting fifteen years, but there is no evidence that it was ever extended beyond the South Coast of England. It was this limitation of the Navy's co-operation, no doubt, that caused the Customs to create an extensive chain of Water-guards and to increase the Revenue cutter flotilla to some 200 vessels. Rowing guard in boats—very arduous work in winter—was gradually abandoned in favour of placing detachments of boatmen along the coast-line. One may note as a point of interest



F. M. Sutcliffe.

THE FLAG OF DISTRESS.

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that the Coastguard ratings are still designated by the titles held by the Water-guard. The ratings of "Boatman," "Chief Boatman" and "Commissioned Boatman" do not exist in the Fleet, nor have they ever done so. We may note, too, that many of the present Coastguard stations stand on or near the sites formerly occupied by the Martello towers, used as bases by the blockades and "Preventative Men" after 1816. While smugglers still influenced and terrorised the coast population, no householder would accommodate a Revenue man, and hence the building of the Coastguard stations.

This brief sketch of the rise and evolution of the Coastguard has shown how the cost of Revenue protection was formerly borne entirely by the Customs. The Naval blockade, 1816-31, was an exceptional measure and a local remedy. We have to note, further, that the Admiralty took over the Coastguard in 1856, undertaking to man it from the Navy and to defray the whole cost of maintenance, mainly because it was desired to create a Naval Reserve. For at that date, and until recently, the long-service system did not yield an adequate reserve, so that upwards of 4,000 Coastguardsmen constituted a valuable asset. To secure the embarkation of these trained men in time of war, the Admiralty were willing to pay their wages and their pensions; willing, moreover, to lend them almost unconditionally

Then the Admiralty created the Royal Fleet Reserve. This Reserve now numbers nearly 20,000 trained men, and its growth has further decreased the value formerly set upon the Coastguard for naval purposes.

The coasts of the kingdom are mapped out into six districts, comprising eighty-one divisions and 595 stations. The districts are commanded by captains, R.N., each responsible to the Admiral Superintendent of Reserves, while the divisions are controlled by commanders and lieutenants, and the stations by chief officers or chief boatmen. This organisation has provided a complete chain of men around our coasts, but some gaps have been caused since the reduction of 128 stations. Still, to this day the coast is adequately patrolled, and most of the regulations framed during the smuggling era are still in force. By day, every passing vessel is scrutinised, and, if necessary, boarded; by night, the cliffs and coasts are patrolled. Very likely, as a literary ex-Coastguard has stated in his reminiscences, this night patrol duty is no longer taken quite seriously by the men. Some, no doubt, do contrive to keep their watch and ward between the sheets. Well, there are no longer any smugglers to be caught, so that allowances may be made if there is some decline of vigilance. At any rate, the guards are mustered nightly, the watch duly set and the patrols liable to be punished if caught napping. At



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THE COASTGUARD KEEPS HIS EYE ON CRAFT LIKE THIS.

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to the Customs, and allow them to be employed for Revenue protection during ten months in the year. Soon the Coastguard was wholly composed of petty officers and men who had served in the Fleet for not less than six to eight years. They were subjected to gunnery training, they were still disciplined by naval officers, and once a year half of the force embarked for a cruise in the Reserve Squadron unofficially known as the "Gobby Fleet." That Fleet, indeed, depended upon the Coastguard for about 50 per cent. of its crews. One need not pretend now that the "Gobby Fleet" was at any time efficient. At best it was a collection of scattered units, assembled annually for a cruise. It was impossible under the system for the Coastguards to keep in touch with naval development. Men who had quitted the Fleet as good gunners and stokers speedily rusted and lost touch, for ships, guns and engines were constantly changing. No real effort was made, nor ever has been made since, to render the Coastguard an efficient branch of the Reserves. The annual cruise was always a sham. After 1890 the active list of the Navy was gradually augmented until it reached the strength of 132,000 officers and men. Very naturally, the Admiralty began to rely more upon the active force and less upon the partially-trained Reserves. The gulf between the man-of-war's man and the merchant seaman widened as war training grew more scientific and strenuous.

all times, and in stormy weather especially, the Coastguards keep a sharp look-out for ships in distress. Every wreck must be reported to the nearest lifeboat station, so that aid may be promptly rendered. Most of the lifeboats are manned by fishermen, but at several stations the Coastguards partially provide the crews. The life-saving or rocket apparatus is supplied to nearly all Coastguard stations, and all Coastguards are frequently exercised in its use by their officers. By the skilful use of this apparatus the force has saved thousands of lives. Such are the principal duties of the force, and there are many others of lesser importance that will always have to be performed and will have to be paid for by one or other department of the public service.

And so we come to the official report of the Inter-Departmental Committee, which can now be very briefly dealt with. It will be seen that the Coastguard has virtually ceased to be a naval force, although every man has served afloat. Its duties are civil, and the Admiralty urge that the cost of maintenance should be borne by the Customs, Board of Trade, the Irish and Scottish offices. The Navy still needs the services of 600 signalmen at certain stations, but it has little use for a force of 3,500 men—unless those men are to be stationed in ships held in reserve. Again, it is logically argued that the Naval Estimates should no longer be saddled with the cost of a force chiefly useful

to the Customs and Board of Trade. In effect, the Navy is not free to train or to use the Coastguard; and it will be generally recognised that the large cost of the force artificially swells the Navy Votes. That is most undesirable at a period when the high cost of the Navy excites the lamentations of financial purists in Parliament. Although the Committee has reported in favour of transferring the force to the Customs, no definite agreement between the Admiralty and the Civil departments has yet been reached. Meantime, the force is dwindling, for no men have been transferred to it from the Fleet during the past three years. The Committee recommends that the force shall be gradually reduced and transferred to the Customs, for it has been estimated that the Customs could usefully employ about 1,200 of the men. The old Water-guard staff, which still exists, would be strong enough if augmented by these 1,200 men for the protection of the Revenue. The proposed transfer can, it

appears, be carried out without loss of pay or pension to the Coastguards. This assurance will reconcile the men to the change, and the subordinate officers, gradually diminished, can also be transferred to the Customs service. The Navy cannot be expected to welcome the project, since the Coastguard still provides 3,500 comfortable billets for officers and men, and a haven of refuge for many commanders and senior lieutenants employed as divisional officers. The Coastguard, however, is not maintained to provide shore billets for Navy men who have grown tired of sea service. The Admiralty cannot reasonably be expected to bear the cost of a force that has declined in utility for naval purposes, although by no fault of its own; nor can the Customs reasonably resist the proposed remedy. The change is evidently inevitable; but it is delayed pending the settlement of various departmental disputes on points of detail.

CHARLES GLEIG.

IN THE HAUNTS OF THE DOTTEREL.

WITH the melting of the winter snows, before the drifts which fill the deep corries of the Grampians during early spring have begun to yield to the balmy winds which usher in the summer months, the dweller in the mountains may note small parties, or "trips," of a strange wader with a white strip above the eye which serves to distinguish it from other species. The advent of the dotterel, for this is their name, is to the hillman a sign that the long winter has spent its course, that the storms are past and that summer is at hand. Beside the gloomy tarns, among the broken rocks and pebbles of the mountain burns, we first see this wanderer from beyond the seas. Other shore-birds come to us earlier, and the whistle of the golden plover may be heard in its summer haunts during a mild week in winter; others, the curlew and the peewit, are likewise deceived by a transient spell of balmy breezes. They come in a night and they vanish with the storms, and no certainty marks their arrival or departure. With the dotterel it is otherwise, for the "trips" move inland by slow degrees, feeling their way before they venture to the wild solitudes where their young are reared. As a breeding species in days gone by the dotterel was plentiful, and there were few mountain ranges throughout the North of England and Scotland which were not frequented by the species. In the Lake District and among the hills of Galloway they bred yearly till a comparatively recent date, but it is to be feared that few pairs now visit these former haunts. The Grampian range has for many years been a stronghold of the dotterel, but even here the species is very unevenly distributed. Some sixty years ago they bred freely throughout the Monadhliaths and in other ranges further North, but the breeding-places of this now rare bird are sadly decreasing. In former days their plumage was much sought after by anglers for fly-tying purposes, and, on migration, great quantities were netted for the table, the bird being considered a great delicacy. The plumage being at its best during the courting season, and the migration taking place in early spring, the species was persecuted at a period when it most required protection. Of late years, since its breeding-grounds became known to collectors, a further decrease in its numbers has been noticeable, keepers and constables being powerless to check the illegal traffic owing to the difficulty of catching the offenders in the act. In upper Badenoch an attempt has recently been made to enlist all sheep-farmers, shepherds and other residents in this cause, and considerable improvement has already been effected. The writer had the satisfaction of seeing several broods in one day a short time ago close to a favourite resort of collectors, which for obvious reasons shall be nameless. Few species are more interesting to the observer than this bird, which shares its desolate home with the ptarmigan alone. Even the latter rarely nest on the higher summits where the dotterel hatches her three mottled eggs, preferring the lower slopes and ridges. In spite of its long sojourn in milder climes,

it sits patiently through bitter snowstorms and blinding sleet, alternating with days of blazing sunshine and burning heat. Three eggs only are laid, in a mere depression of the dry moss which clothes the higher summits, never among stones or shingle, as with others of its genus. Persecuted by man, it has retired to the most lonely places of the earth, to the grim mountain land where few dwell and where its solitude is broken into only by the bark of the hill-fox calling to his mate. Though the nest is placed in the open, in a position of extreme danger, the marvellous resemblance of the bird to her surroundings goes far to ensure her safety. When flushed from the nest, however, her obvious anxiety and plaintive cries betray the whereabouts of her treasures. So far as I am aware, the cock bird takes no share in incubation and only appears to assist his mate when the young are hatched.

To obtain photographs of the dotterel with her young, one of which accompanies this article, the writer made several expeditions to their haunts, and was much struck by the parental solicitude of the female. Her plaintive, trilling cry and inimitable manœuvres to draw the intruder away, feigning death, exhaustion and incapacity to move in the desire to attract my notice, surpassed everything of a similar nature which I have ever witnessed. The anxiety of the bird is, however, sufficient to betray the neighbourhood of the young to the observer; but, as the latter generally crouch close to the ground, it is no easy matter to locate them. They can, however, run with almost incredible speed, and no prettier sight can be imagined than the three chicks following their parents in search of food, stopping from time to time to pick up insects or other small delicacies as



H. B. Macpherson.

AT REST WITH HER YOUNG.

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they pass. As August advances and the young grow strong on the wing the dotterel leave their mountain home and make way towards the sea, joining company with others of their kind whom they meet on their journey. A solitary bird during the nesting season, the dotterel is gregarious at all other times of year.

H. B. MACPHERSON.



THE interior of Forde Abbey, as we find it to-day, is of especial interest because of the large amount of fine decorative work of the Commonwealth period which is there preserved. There were few Englishmen who, between the years 1645 and 1660, possessed the means, the security and the taste to build and decorate sumptuously. Ruin and exile had fallen upon the majority of owners of great estates. A minority had succeeded in keeping clear of complications, or in changing sides with judgment, and so had not suffered seriously in purse or person. But the feeling of political insecurity kept them from large expenditure of a kind that drew attention to their proceedings. Rich partisans of the successful side were apt, from conviction or interest, to be too strongly tinctured with Puritanism to launch out into the domain of art or architecture. It was a most regrettable circumstance that the disturbed times came at a moment when the greatest architect of his age was in his prime, so that most of Inigo Jones's drawings and plans were either never executed at all, or were used with more or less freedom and alteration by his successors during the century which followed his death. When Edmund Prideaux was ready to undertake the transformation of Forde, Coleshill in Berkshire was, as far as we know, the only great country house

which Inigo Jones had in hand to build entirely anew. But the Earl of Pembroke, who, when its fortunes darkened, had turned against the Royal Family that had showered benefits upon him, was busy with the south side of Wilton House, and Prideaux's fellow-lawyer, St. John, was meditating the building of Thorpe Hall, which, however, is really the work of John Webb and was erected after the death of his master and kinsman. Much the same may be said of the work at Forde. Jones died in 1652, but the heraldry in the central oval of the saloon ceiling shows that it was only completed after the marriage of Edmund Prideaux's son in 1655, while the date 1658 appears on the staircase. As even at Wilton much of the work of supervision and completion was left to Webb, he may from the first have had charge of the carrying out of the master's designs for Forde. Except for the addition of a cartouche containing the arms of the Attorney-General and his second wife, Chard's entrance porch under the tower was retained unaltered, but, the doorway reached, all the woodwork was renewed. When we consider that Chard excelled most of his brother churchmen, so many of whom were building at the time, in sculpture on stone, we may infer that the wood-carvings at Forde must have been pre-eminently good and certainly equal to the examples at Thame



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THE SMALL DRAWING-ROOM.

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THE TAPESTRIES IN THE 'SALOON'.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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and from Waltham which will be illustrated next week. Their total disappearance is therefore matter for deep regret. As the Abbey does not seem to have been used residentially during the period that preceded Prideaux's purchase, it had probably lost most of its original Gothic fittings. Whatever there was Inigo Jones swept away. With the exception of the refectory ceiling, which is original though much restored, there is hardly any woodwork left dating from Chard's day. About 30ft. were cut off the west end of the refectory, its north windows were built up and new classic doors and wainscoting were added. So little was the Gothic work considered that the angel corbels that support the inter-fenestral shafts were cut to admit the panelling, the cornice of which ends just below their heads. The space taken from the refectory was divided by a floor and the lower room converted into a dining-room. Beyond it, facing south,

is the small drawing-room, which has other apartments behind it, while above lies a suite of apartments, of which that over the dining-room is known as Queen Anne's Room, having been fitted up for her reception by the husband of Edmund Prideaux's heiress. The two floors of this western end of the house are connected by a small but very charming staircase, noticeable for its plaster as well as its wood work. The plasterers were given an immense field at Forde, and the more modest examples of their art are quite as enjoyable as are the splendid ceilings of the chief apartments. There is, at the east end of the house, a little bedroom, not more than twelve feet square, where, within a wreath forming a large central circle on the ceiling, two nude boys are skipping. It is an excellent design of a simple kind, carried out with much vigour. Still more reserve is shown on the west stair. There is an ornamental



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THE GREAT STAIRCASE.

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centre to the ceiling, enclosed by a border of flakes laid over each other like leaves, and the same motif is used to edge the plastered surface under each flight or landing of the stair. Elaborated and enlarged, it reappears as a wreathed bayleaf ornament, filling the flat of the broad ribs that panel out into circles and oblongs the ceiling of the small drawing-room. This is one of the rich and elaborate examples. There is about them a little more of the Jacobean indiscriminate wealth of ornamentation and free use of figure subjects rather clumsily executed than Inigo Jones, with his sense of classic proportion and delicacy, allowed at Raynham or Coleshill or at Ashburnham House. But they are quite in his general manner. With him the panel ribs, very slight and shallow under Elizabeth and only moderately broad and deep under James, are given almost the appearance of

beams and are always massive. They surround much larger and more simply arranged panels than had been usual. Strap-work devices disappear and are replaced by motifs of more direct Italian origin—close-set wreaths of fruit and flowers, scrolls, arabesques and masques, cornice work of modillions of egg and tongue, acanthus leaf and other such purely classic ornament. In the Forde dining-room, for example, it will be seen that the whole ceiling consists of nine principal panels, of which the large central one is subdivided into an oval with spandrels. The same arrangement will be found at Coleshill, both in the hall and in the saloon. There, however, though the panel ribs are heavily ornamented, the panels themselves are simply and rather severely treated, while in the Forde dining-room there is a total absence of that plain surface

the value of which Inigo Jones so keenly understood and so admirably expressed in his architecture. Close-clustered wreaths of fruit and foliage occupy the flat of the great ribs, the cornice of which is supported by modillions. The oblong panels are filled with bold arabesques, the square ones with bay-leaf wreaths, and the same leafage frames the central figure of Ceres. Amorini and trumpeting angels are entwined in the scrollwork which occupies the flat between the inner and outer oval ribs of the centre. The design is well conceived and sumptuous; the execution is somewhat coarse. Bold and picturesque, it betrays the same lack of technical perfection which marks English craftsmanship during the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods. Inigo Jones's drawings were, in the matter of taste and learning, of exceedingly high order, but he had to battle against a certain homely clumsiness, on the part of those to whom they were entrusted to execute, which was not unsuitable to the more haphazard modes of the earlier English Renaissance, but was quite out of place when strict classicalism supervened. Inigo Jones succeeded in getting fairly delicate craftsmanship at Raynham, Coleshill and Wilton, and in his

and the dining-room, the design of which is not obscured by tapestry introduced later, well shows his style. The disposition of the panels retains enough Jacobean sentiment to remind us of rooms at St. John's College, Oxford, and at the Reindeer Inn at Banbury, which have sometimes been called in Jones's "earlier manner." But the classic treatment of the pilasters and cornice, and the character of the mantel-piece, foreshadow the post-Restoration designers. Many of the same forms are used as are found in the smaller rooms at Wilton. There, however, the single and double cube rooms are on a far more ambitious decorative plane than anything at Forde, the saloon of which is, however, of almost the same size as the Wilton double cube. It is a first-floor room and lies on the east side of Chard's tower. The approach is by the principal staircase, which is placed behind it in an annex built out on the north side of the house. This staircase is an early example of filling in the space below the handrail with perforated panels of highly-modelled scrolls. Rather earlier still in date, but much in the same style, is the staircase at Aldermaston, with which Inigo Jones's name is conjecturally associated. That example



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THE OAK BEDCHAMBER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

town buildings. But it was not till long after his death that the movement he had initiated reached its full development, and enabled Wren to get the decorative portions of his edifices carried out with the utmost technical perfection. The plaster-work of Wren's time, just like the woodwork under the influence of Grinling Gibbons, erred, if anything, in an overplus of skill, and certain examples of under-cutting and high modelling amaze almost more than they please. At Forde the technique in both materials, if deficient in finish, shows verve and sureness in its interpretation of the master's designs, and as the master in this case of altering an ancient house did not design in his most classic manner, the result is very enjoyable, and better suited to companionship with the older style than would have been more coldly refined methods. It is, indeed, a question how far Inigo Jones is to be held responsible for the Forde plaster-work. Its general lines are undoubtedly his, but as he probably did not superintend its execution, even if it was done before his death, much of the detail would be left to the operatives, and they filled in after the manner of their fathers. The woodwork gives evidence of being in closer touch with the architect's intentions;

is remarkable for the wealth and boldness of its motifs, figures, masques, cartouches, trophies of arms, as well as floral scrolls, all appearing in the panels, while statues surmount the newel-posts. At Forde there is the same vigorous massiveness of treatment, but more simplicity of design, each large panel having a central cartouche surrounded by scrolls of flower and leafage, while on each newel-post stands a vase of fruit. The contemporary staircase at Thorpe is very similar, and the system became fashionable after the Restoration. Facing the top of the staircase at Forde is the great doorway that opens into the saloon. The scheme here, as in the dining-room, is to divide the wall spaces into sections by fluted Corinthian pilasters, but the great size and height of the saloon enable these to be almost on a scale to have pleased Vanbrugh. The mantel-piece, of marble below and wood above, is the most elaborate piece of work done at Forde, and is comparable to that in the single cube at Wilton. Splendid and historical as are five great tapestries from Raphael's cartoons which so largely cover the walls of the saloon, they are, perhaps, no improvement. They were given by Queen Anne to Francis Gwyn, who married the Prideaux



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THE DINING-ROOM: IN THE SPACE CUT OFF FROM THE REFECTORY. "COUNTRY LIFE."

heiress, and were no part of the original scheme of wall lining and decoration, complete and excellent in itself, which they in part obscure. It is a case of *embarras de richesses*. The ceiling, slightly coved, and divided into fifteen panels, has the same richness of ornamentation as those in the other rooms, but is more thoughtful in design and finished in workmanship. Here, almost certainly, Inigo Jones gave a fully-detailed drawing, and gave it into competent hands for execution. It is in size and in quality the most important plaster-work ceiling done under the Commonwealth, for the ceiling of equal dimensions at Wilton depends for its sumptuousness not on its plaster-work, but on its paintings. Eastward of the saloon is the oak chamber with the huge bed, whose four-post canopy is wholly detached from the bed itself. It bears the date 1638 on its cornice, which is

chapel is a four-post bed, its woodwork of plain Jacobean character, but with a canopy and hangings of rich crimson velvet and silk fringe. Such upholstery was generally reserved for sumptuous pieces, such as James I.'s bed at Knoke, and its use for the small and simple example at Forde is unusual. Next to this room is the monkish Scriptorium, below which is the chapel, and the chapel was the chapter-house of the Abbey. As a structure it dates from the earliest days of the Cistercian foundation, and Norman work appears in the columns and arches. But the east window is an insertion of Abbot Chard's age, while the whole of the woodwork dates from the day when Inigo Jones made it into the chapel of the Commonwealth lawyer. The screen which divides the chapel from the ante-chapel is a very pure and beautiful piece of designing. Four

pilasters divide it into a wide central doorway, with pair-arched apertures over a long panel on either side. The cornice and pediment are severe in treatment but excellent in proportion. The ornament is mainly limited to a pierced panel over the doorway, and to pendants on the pilasters formed of ribands and clusters of fruit. Very similar pendants, but larger and more elaborate, will be found decorating the inter-panel spaces in the double cube at Wilton. A comparison of the design and of the technique of this screen and of later ones produced under the inspiration of Wren and Gibbons—such as the splendid example which the authorities of Winchester College unwisely threw out of their chapel at the dictation of a neo-Gothic architect—will show that while design did not improve, technique went forward by leaps and bounds. The open-work panel, though less coarse than are those on the staircase, has nothing of the extreme crispness and delicacy which such work afterwards reached; while the fruit clusters are of such primitive lumpiness that it is difficult to realise that the man who was to treat the same subject with such absolutely surprising and almost excessive fidelity to Nature was already born when the work in the Forde chapel was done. Passing through the screen, we find the pulpit occupying the south wall. It is a very simple yet a most agreeable, and also a very practical, composition. The steps rise into a panelled recess in the wall, from which the pulpit and its sounding-board project, and in the centre of which is a little oval window, shedding a direct light on to the preacher's manuscript. On the north wall, opposite to the pulpit, is the family monument of the Attorney-General. That staunch Cromwellian escaped the awkward moment of the Restoration by dying in 1658, a year after he had been



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THE CLOISTERS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

supported by the twisted columns carved with vine ornament, which were then a fashionable introduction from Italy and were used at Gwydir Castle at the same date. The arms on the bed are those of Bellevs of Stockleigh, and not those of Prideaux or of any other family that has owned Forde, which lost most of its historic furniture at the sale in 1846. Some, however, such as the tapestry in the saloon, was purchased for the house, and some pieces of interest are distributed about the house. In the dining-room is placed a day bed in Spanish leather with two lifting ends. The Charles II. type of this article of furniture—of which a good example appears at the foot of the great bed in the oak room—had only one end, but that of an earlier date at Hardwick has two ends, like the one at Forde, on which, tradition says, Cromwell once slept. In a bedroom over the

made a baronet by the Lord Protector. Such titles of honour were disallowed in 1660, and the Attorney-General's son was known as plain Mr. Prideaux. John Tillotson had been his tutor and his father's chaplain, and the young man is said to have profited so well from the future archbishop's tuition as to earn the nickname of the "Walking Encyclopædia." He did not, however, play any prominent part under the restored monarchy, but sat as a strong Whig in Parliament, and was one of the hosts who entertained Monmouth in princely fashion on the occasion of his visit to the West in 1682. This was remembered against him, and though he seems to have kept perfectly clear of the Duke when the latter landed at Lyme in 1685, he was arrested and taken to London. Jeffreys is said to have specially desired his death and coveted his house; but he only



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THE HALL: PART OF THE FORMER REFECTORY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

succeeded in extracting from him a heavy fine. He was then pardoned, and lived to see Whig principles triumph under William III. and to marry his daughter and heiress to a strong Tory. He had himself taken to wife a daughter of John Fraunceis of Combe Flory, and had had a son who died in 1677 at the age of nineteen. Thirteen years later his daughter Margaret married Francis Gwyn. Of a Glamorganshire family, but born in Somerset, and related to the Fraunceises of Combe Flory, he became Member for Chippenham in 1673 and sat for various constituencies with but few breaks under six Sovereigns. Towards the close of Charles II.'s reign he became Clerk to the Council, and adhered to James II. to the end. When in November, 1688, William of Orange was marching up from the West, the King went forth from London to oppose him and got as far as Salisbury, then the headquarters of his army under Churchill. Francis Gwyn attended him and wrote a five days' journal, during which desertions from James multiplied in an almost geometric progression. He gives an account of skirmishes in the West, and of the occupation of places by troops on one or the other side. As Chard and Axminster were among them, we can imagine the gathering joy of

that the house was being overhauled and repaired, and it is said to have been at this date that the monks' dormitory was divided off into a long corridor—known as the Monks' Walk—with bedrooms off it. If this alteration had to be made it could not have been better done, for the effect of the long whitewashed gallery with the original lancet windows preserved and divided off into pairs by the new plaster vaulting is excellent. Francis Gwyn served as Secretary at War under Harley and Bolingbroke, and fell with them on the accession of George I. As a Tory he had no chance of further office, but he continued to sit in the House of Commons till he was eighty. His sons ended his line, and on the death of the younger one in 1777 there seemed no one nearer to inherit than John Fraunceis of Combe Flory, a cousin of Francis Gwyn's wife. He and his son after him took the name of Gwyn and lived much at Forde, but during the latter's absence abroad after the peace that followed Waterloo Jeremy Bentham was his tenant for three years, and "enjoyed it immensely." He and James Mill, who was for a while with him, worked at different tables in the saloon, and he declares "Oh what a quantity of felicity there was in the room where the cartoons were!" There were



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CEILING OF SALOON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Edmund Prideaux, the Whig, so recently escaped from Jeffreys's clutches, as he watched William's successful advance to the Forde neighbourhood, while his future son-in-law had to slink back to London with the deserted King. Gwyn had merely acted correctly and officially and was in no danger. Indeed, when, after James's flight, the Peers met at the Guildhall, he acted as their secretary, and his journal of their proceedings between December 11th and December 27th is an historical document of some importance. When, in 1702, he succeeded to Forde, in right of his wife, he was again in office. James II.'s brother-in-law was so much his special friend and patron that we find him referred to in a contemporary letter as "Lord Rotchester's gwine as they call him." He had served under him when he was Lord Treasurer in 1685, and on the return to power of the Tories in 1700, Rochester, as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, appointed him Chief Secretary. He was a favourite with Queen Anne, though the Royal visit for which so much preparation was made never took place. He made no considerable structural alterations in anticipation of this event; it was rather a matter of refurnishing. But the date 1713 on a rain-water head shows

many local stories of the philosopher's habits. "He did nothing, dear old man, but write, write, write, from day's end to week's end"; and if, by way of change, he took exercise, it was by "frequently running up and down the walks with his arms akimbo." Sir Samuel Romilly, who visited him in 1817, gives an interesting account of his impressions of Forde: "I was not a little surprised to find in what a palace my friend was lodged. The grandeur and stateliness of the buildings form as strange a contrast to his philosophy as the number and spaciousness of the apartments—the hall, the chapel, the corridors and the cloisters—do to the modesty and scantiness of his domestic establishment." With the death of John Fraunceis Gwyn in 1846 came a change. The house and estate were put up to auction and eventually were acquired by Mr. John Miles of Bristol, for £54,650. Twenty years later it passed into the possession of the family of its present owner. The eight days' sale of the contents of the Abbey which followed the purchase by Mr. Miles created a certain stir even at that time, when ancient furniture and ornaments were not sought after as they are to-day. There is an account of it in the



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THE "MONKS' WALK."

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE CHAPEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Gentleman's Magazine and some of the prices are given. The bed alluded to as having belonged to the house is described as "Queen Anne's bedstead and crimson silk velvet furniture, which was fitted up for her reception at Ford Abbey—81."

Of the saloon wall-hangings, now known to be the product of the Mortlake looms, we hear that "on the 3rd day five pieces of Arras Tapestry after the Cartoons of Raphael, presented by Queen Anne to Mr. Secy Gwyn & for which his son refused 30,000l. offered by Count Orloff on behalf of the Empress Catherine of Russia, were sold to the new proprietor of the abbey at 2,200l." The younger Prideaux's portrait of the Duke of Monmouth fetched £28, while the Lord Rochester by Kneller that had belonged to Francis Gwyn was knocked down for £16 5s. 6d. It is rather surprising that as much as 22s. an ounce was then paid for three tea canisters. They were, no doubt, a very fine set of the highly-embossed type, often of "Chinese" character, which were made in Queen Anne's time and would now realise a very large sum. But all the possessions

of the Queen Anne statesman did not come under the hammer. He had been deep in the fashion of china-collecting, and many of his treasures of Oriental ware went by inheritance and are the property of Sir Hubert Miller. They may now be seen at Messrs. Owen Grant's in Kensington Square, a great bowl of the Ming dynasty, with silver-gilt mounts of the period of Elizabeth, being the most choice piece. Here, too, is deposited the original order, signed by all the Lords, headed by the Dukes of Somerset, Norfolk and Beaufort, empowering Francis Gwyn, their secretary, to sign and subscribe such orders as they might make "in this Extraordinary Conjunction." It is dated from the House of Lords, December 22nd, 1688.

The loss of so many of its valuable appointments was a sad moment in the annals of Forde. But the zealous care taken of the fabric and of the remaining contents, and their apt association with newly-collected additions by its subsequent owners, are matters for much congratulation. Forde is still in the first rank of England's ancient and historic seats.

T.

GRAHAM PLACE, NEWMARKET.

A GOOD many years have passed since the day when, with his future before him, young Felix Leach was moved to take a stroll on Newmarket Heath. In the course of his walk he came across an elderly man, unknown, in all probability, to Leach alone of all the people on the Heath or within the boundaries of Newmarket. With an eye accustomed to the judging of men and horses at a glance, the stranger took stock of the lad. "What's your name?" he said. "Leach," came the answer. "Ah! then you'll be the brother of the young veterinary surgeon that has just come to Newmarket?" "That's right," said Leach. "Well, what are you going to do with yourself? Going to be a vet. too?"



THE OLD RED POST.

"No; you see there's one in the family already. I don't know yet what I'm going to do." Then came another steady look from the stranger and, after a moment's reflection, he said: "Will you come and live with me?" This was a bit of a poser. "Who might you be?" was the not unnatural question asked by Leach. "I'm Matthew Dawson," was the answer. Leach wanted no further argument. "Are you?" he said. "Then I'm coming to you." Just then three horses came past at a nice half-speed. "What do you think of them?" asked Matthew Dawson. "That brown horse isn't a bad sort," replied young Leach, and added, "Can he gallop?" "I don't know," said the veteran trainer, with a chuckle; "he's never been asked to do so yet, as far as I know." "Well, he looks as if he could," said Leach. And his judgment was sound, for the brown horse was St. Simon. It was not long before the arrangement proposed by Matthew Dawson was carried into effect, and so began a career in which sterling worth, hard work, a kindly heart and an observant mind have led Felix Leach to prosperity and the esteem of his fellow-men.

Go up the High Street of Newmarket Town, continue your walk until you come to where the road branches off to the right on the way to the race-course, and if you are early enough, you may see filing out from the gates of



W. A. Rouch.

DALNACRAG.

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Graham Place a string of race-horses in red clothing. They will, perhaps, move across to the other side of the Cambridge road beyond the cemetery, where they will walk about a while before making their way to the training-grounds. Amuse yourself by watching them for a time, and presently you are likely to see a clean-shaven, good-natured-looking man vault over the railings which enclose the end of the old Cambridgeshire Course,



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DEMOSTHENES.

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and make his way to the horses for a final inspection and giving of orders before he gets on his back to follow them or to supervise the work of the morning. That man will be Felix Leach himself, bright and cheery, and apparently free from the knowledge that horses, race-horses especially, have "legs," that they are apt to go wrong when most wanted to be at their best, that the ground is sure to be terribly hard just when good going is essential, that there is such a thing as an ever-present anxiety lest the final gallop may find out some weak spot, or, indeed, that the training of a string of costly and heavily-engaged thorough-breeds is a terribly responsible business. St. Simon, Minting and Ladas were among the horses with which Leach had to do while with Matthew Dawson, and while acknowledging the indisputable merit of the first two, he has still, I think, a soft spot in his heart for Ladas, who, he thinks, should have won the St. Leger as well as the Derby for Lord Rosebery in 1894. Persimmon, Thais and many other good horses were at Egerton House when Leach was there with Richard Marsh, and when the time came for him to set up on his own account he did so with every detail of his profession at his finger ends.

Comedian, winner of the Suffolk and Devonshire Nurseries, with 9st. in the saddle; Esmeralda, with a Batthyany and Spencer Plate to her credit; Carlin, Evasit, Chicane, Orchid, Zanoni and Wet Paint, a winner of the Prince Edward's Handicap, are a few of the horses that have owed their successes to the skill of the Graham Place trainer. This year the reputation of the stable has been well maintained by the two year olds Demosthenes and Dalnacrag, while of the older horses winning brackets have been earned by St. Magnus, Carrousel and Humorist.

The stables visited, there remain to be seen the outward and visible signs of the love of animals and an outdoor life, which is the keynote of Felix Leach's existence. Provided that it be conducted on fair and honest lines, he loves sport of all kinds, from the besting of a wily trout in the river Lark to the watching of a good set-to at the National Sporting Club. Gameness is the quality he looks



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CARROUSEL.

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for in man, horse or dog; and that being so, it is not surprising to find that, as in such an establishment as that at



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ST. MAGNUS.

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Graham Place poultry have to be kept, the runs built along the wall leading from the stables to the paddock should contain game-fowl of the purest breed. No one can look at the birds—the sentiments are purely those of the writer—without regretting that cock-fighting has long since fallen under the ban of the authorities, and that the Royal and Ancient sport has fallen into desuetude. Greys—or, I suppose, to be more accurate, Silver Greys—is the breed affected by Felix Leach. Splendid birds they are, too, broad of shoulder, strong of leg, hawk-

eyed, close-heeled and dauntless of mien. It is indeed a pity (again the sentiments are mine) that such birds as these should be bred but to figure on the table, when their very looks proclaim them to be gladiators of the highest type. Just as our ancestors loved the bursting crash of a splintering spear, just as the swordsman loves the click of the foeman's steel, so, I believe, does a cock of the blood love the challenge of his adversary and the lightning thrust of the meeting spurs, and if I could—well, perhaps I had better drop the subject—but—these Silver Greys were certainly not meant by Nature to be fattened for the table. The breeding of these birds is, by the way, interesting in itself, for they come in a carefully-guarded and unbroken descent from the famous "Silver Greys" with which "The Firm," as the association formed by Charles Royce, "Teddy" Edwards and "Nat" Flatman was called, were wont to challenge "The World"; and it is of one of the "Silver Greys" belonging to "The Firm" that the story has been handed down that, so rapid was his rush and so fierce his determination he had been known to kill the bird pitted against him before he had even time to leave his "setter's" hands.

Dogs! Of course there are dogs, and equally, as a matter of course, they are



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MAGIC.

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the best and the gamest that can be bred. Is not the canine world—that portion of it, at all events, which is devoted to rough-haired terriers—filled with the fame of Newmarket Cackler, winner of championships wherever shown? Here he is, lean of head, strong of jaw, standing straight on his short, strong legs, round of foot, with well-placed shoulders, light, muscular neck, good back and loins and "quality" from head to heel. That he can take the highest honours of the show bench we know; but, like the rest of the breed, he is very much "all there," too, when it comes to the serious business of going to ground, whether it be a badger or a fox that has to be shifted. Other "Cacklers" are coming on, and a pretty sight they make as, in their own fashion, they bid their master good-morning and ask in language that cannot be misunderstood if there's a chance of "any sport for me to-day." Greyhounds, too, there are, and one of them, Lady Lovelorn, who is very useful out of the slips, particularly took my fancy.

Sheltered in a nook in the garden stands the old Red Post, saved by Felix Leach from destruction when the old Cambridgeshire Course was finally abandoned. Dating from somewhere about 1710, the Red Post was first set up close to the "Bushes," when it served as a rallying-point for the making of bets between the "bloods" and the "legs." No longer serving its purpose, it was removed to the beginning of the rails on the old Cambridgeshire Course and figured in nearly all the descriptions of the race. Admiral Rous had a liking for the old bit of English oak, and whenever there was nothing particular to be done, the order would go forth—"Give the old post a lick of paint." It is now in safe keeping, and one of these days, when time is available,



W. A. Roush.

ROUGH-HAIRED TERRIERS.

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SILVER GREYS.

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may serve as an excuse for the re-opening of some of the most interesting chapters in the bygone history of the Turf. T. H. B.

A NIGHT'S AUERHAHN-SHOOTING.

IN the dark and silent street a motor is heard. We all step forward on the pavement, and up comes a fine Mercédès limousine, which is to take our party on an auerhahn-shooting expedition. This sport lasts for a very short time—only while the cock birds make a peculiar sound called "Balzen" during the mating season, from early spring till the middle of May; and it can only take place at a very early hour in the morning. Hence our start an hour after midnight from Stuttgart, which is about forty miles from the shooting-ground in the Black Forest for which we were bound. We were a party of young people—three ladies and one man. We ladies had never been on such an expedition before, and I think our

sportsman was rather doubtful as to our capacity for keeping quiet at the critical moment.

We had already got some way from the town, and were congratulating ourselves on the smoothness and rapidity of our car, when a sudden report made us start. We knew at once what it meant, and the chauffeur pulled sharply up at the side of the road. The puncture was put right in half-an-hour. As it was already two o'clock, we paced impatiently up and down the road, fearing we might be too late for the birds. This was our only *contretemps*, and from now onwards we rushed through sleeping villages at full speed, not a creature being about. After a time, we entered the Black Forest, and could distinguish in the darkness the thick woods on both sides of the road and the dim forms of the mountains. It was nearly four o'clock by the time we stopped on a lonely stretch of road a few miles above Altensteig, surrounded by lofty pine forests. The auerhahn sits on pine or birch trees for the "Balzen," and each bird has its special tree. In a whole district there may be only one or two birds, and their perches are known approximately to the sportsman. The expedition, when not on private ground, can be arranged with an Oberförster, who provides a keeper to guide you to the exact spot; but even with this precaution the chance of making a bag is a very doubtful one, as the slightest noise disturbs these shy birds.

Out we tumbled half asleep, the gun was taken from its case, the "Rucksack" opened, and "Schinkenbrötchen" for an early snack were doled out to each person. One lady only was allowed to follow the sportsman, as four would be too large a number—"dem hahn anzu-springen," as the stalking is called—and the two others, as a precaution, were given a loaded revolver in case they should meet any of the dangerous tramps sometimes met with in the forest. Gliding noiselessly, like Red Indians, through the pines over whortleberry undergrowth, we



W. A. Roush.

WIRE-HAIRED TERRIERS.

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two stalkers, hardly daring to breathe, crept towards the appointed goal. Stopping every now and then to listen intently for the faint noise, like a muffled tapping "ta," which betokens the presence of the cock bird, we advanced deeper into the gloomy wood. Suddenly the sound is heard, and the sportsman uses that instant to dash forward two or three steps, as the bird while "balzing" cannot hear him. This occurs at intervals of a few minutes—perhaps twenty times—until the sound is so loud as to tell the shooter he is near enough to be likely to see the quarry. He stops for a cautious reconnoitre, the darkness making it very difficult to descry the outline of the bird on the tree. In this case, our sportsman by accident trod on a twig, and the bird flew off a tree with a loud whirr at a distance of 20yds. to 30yds. In an instant the gun was levelled with a deadly aim, and down came the prize.

Full of joy, we returned to the motor carrying our booty, and found the rest of the party, who had heard the shot, anxiously awaiting the result. The leaden hue of the sky had by now changed to a beautiful

pinkish light, which announced the rising sun. We walked on a little to an open space on a slight hill, and enjoyed the spectacle of a beautiful sunrise over the distant forest-clad hills. The cool air made us feel hungry, and we climbed back into the car anxious to get to the little village where we were to breakfast. By the time we reached this spot—a picturesque, scattered collection of houses at the head of a valley, which goes by the name of Enzklösterle—people were beginning to stir, and a friendly "Wirth" welcomed us on the doorstep of the "Gasthaus zum Waldhorn." Here delicious coffee was served, and, after a hearty meal, photographs of the party, with the bird, were taken. Enzklösterle lies on a charming trout stream. We were shown with pride the tanks in which 5,000 tiny trout were swimming about, ready to be eventually turned into the stream. From here we had a beautiful motor run down the valley to the attractive little bathing resort of Wildbad, and so home, all delighted with our success and our thrilling experience on that May morning.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THESE are few things more stimulating to the imagination than to glance over the pictures in a history of dress, and the book on *English Costume* (Methuen), which has been written by Mr. George Clinch, has the merit of being a study in archæology as well as a treatise on clothes. Without an idea of their dress it is impossible to realise what the people of previous generations were like. The earliest inhabitants of this country (unless the climate used to be very different from what it is just now) could not possibly have gone about without clothes; and as a matter of fact, Professor Boyd-Dawkins has shown that the arts of spinning and the manufacture of linen were introduced into England in the Neolithic Age. The spindle and the distaff were essential features of the neolithic household. The perforated spindle whorls were sometimes of stone, sometimes of pottery or bone, and the thread is proved by discoveries in the Swiss lakes to have been composed of flax. In the Bronze Age there is positive evidence as to the clothes and personal ornaments in use. The great chiefs and others who could afford it went about in what they no doubt considered the gorgeous apparel of linen and homespun. In Scandinavia men wore woollen clothes and woollen caps on their heads, while their legs and feet were protected by leggings and sandals. The state of society was shown by the fact that an ordinary article of apparel was a girdle to which a dagger was attached. The man of the Bronze Age also went about with an axe on his shoulder, as one who was always ready to keep his head with his hands. Most curious is it to know that his face was shaven. The razor of our own day is not an implement always easy to manipulate; but how the men of the Bronze Age managed to keep their faces clean except by plucking out the hairs, which we know to have been sometimes done, is a mystery. The chief ornament in those days was the hair, which was worn very long and arranged in a pyramid sufficiently large to carry a hairpin 20in. in length. At a very early stage of its development the human race showed an extraordinary love of ornament, those worn in the Bronze Age being necklaces, bangles and amulets of stone, bone, bronze, glass and even gold. When we get to the Early Iron Age we begin to enter historic ground. How were the Ancient Britons clothed? The history books of our youth represented their garments as being light in the extreme, indeed it was freely asserted that all they did was to dye themselves with woad; but, as Mr. Clinch points out, with dry historical humour, they must have been a very hardy race indeed if in the English climate they could pass the winter in that condition, especially as everything points to the conclusion that "fog and rain were more prevalent at the time of the Ancient Britons than they are at the present day." The truth is that they, to a large extent, wore clothes made from the skins of animals and no doubt used frequently to dye the materials employed, using woad for the purpose. But they differed widely among themselves. Round the coast they had intercourse with the inhabitants of the Continent, and dressed very much in the same way as the Gauls. The human race may, perhaps, be divided into two parts—the trousered and the untrousered. The Greeks and Romans, inheriting their costume from the bare-legged Egyptians, belong to the latter category, and the Celtic nations to the former. The lowland Scotch word "breeks" for trousers signifies anything speckled, spotted, striped, or in any way parti-coloured, and it describes the cloth with which the Gauls and Britons used to clothe their legs. Above the trousers they wore a kind of tunic. Much has been said about the Druids, but the tradition in regard to their clothes seems to have been largely manufactured by the antiquarians of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and rests on no sure foundation of evidence. We have to go to France to get definite information. A bas relief found at Autun shows two Druids in long tunics and mantles, one crowned with a garland of oak and

wearing a sceptre and the other holding in his hand a crescent. Another piece of definite evidence with regard to the dress of the Ancient Britons is to be found in the description by D. on Cassius of Queen Boadicea:

She wore a tunic of many colours, all in folds, and over it, fastened by a fibula or brooch, a robe of coarse stuff. Her light hair fell loosely over her shoulders, and round her neck was a golden torque. This necklace, or collar of twisted wires of gold or silver, called torch or dorch in British, was worn by both sexes in all the Celtic nations, and was peculiarly a symbol of rank or command. So fond were the Ancient Britons of this kind of personal adornment that those who could not procure them of these precious metals wore them of brass and even iron, and, according to the testimony of one writer, they manifested no small amount of pride in displaying them.

The arrival of the Romans affected dress as much as it affected everything else connected with the Ancient Britons. The Roman of that time closely resembled the Englishman of to-day. On settling here he built himself a villa, such as he possessed in Italy. He bathed as regularly as he did in a much warmer climate than ours, and he continued to wear the toga and other well-known articles of Roman attire. Certain memorials still extant show that some of the military costume at least was adopted by the natives. Anglo-Saxon costume has been rendered in many illustrations, in none more vividly than in a series of pen-and-ink drawings now in the British Museum. They illustrate scenes in rural life under each month, and throughout them the workmen are shown wearing tunics without any mantle, cape or headdress, but accompanied by shoes and short wrinkled stockings. An interesting document bearing on the subject is the Bodleian manuscript commonly known as Cadman's "Metrical Paraphrases of Scripture History." Experts date this at the end of the tenth or the beginning of the eleventh century, and the illustrations probably represent the dress of that time. The garments worn by Adam and Eve after they were driven out of Eden only reach to the thighs. Eve, however, has a kirtle-like under-garment, a gown reaching below the knees with fairly loose sleeves, and an ample kerchief falling over the shoulders and turned back over the brow. Adam goes forth as a workman equipped with spade and basket for tilling the soil. In the scenes representing Cain and Abel, shoes are worn and the legs are partially covered with loose wrinkled stockings, which in some cases reach only halfway up to the knees. The picture of Tubal Cain is of great value, because it gives representations of him playing upon a lyre, working as a smith at the anvil and ploughing. With the advent of the Normans came further changes, and after the eleventh century we find many effigies and other remains that show the dress of the period. In our old churches the figures of knight and lady stir the mind to endeavour to realise how these people lived and acted and spoke. The figures in many cases are as typically English as any to be seen in our country houses to-day, and the armour and dress is stately and fine despite the use of much ornament, and what we should regard to-day as surplussage. Generally speaking, the movement in dress has been towards simplicity. The modern idea is that any garment which conceals the shape of the human form or distorts it in any way is bad. It has taken us many centuries to arrive at this, as will be seen from the little histories in the latter part of the book. Nothing could be more instructive than to compare the elaborate garments of a macaroni with those of a well-dressed man of the present time. Between 1770 and 1775, when the women copied the extravagance of the men, it was not an unusual thing for a lady to keep her head dressed for a month, so complicated was the arrangement of gauze, wire, ribbon and flowers with which the get-up was contrived. Inconceivably absurd is the description of the macaroni:

Upon the top of his head the Macaroni wore an exceedingly small cocked hat, with gold button and loop, and a gold tassel on each side to

preserve its equilibrium. Coat, waistcoat and breeches were all equally short and tight-fitting; the last being frequently of striped silk, with large bunches of ribbon at the knees. The cane, of en used to lift the hat from the head, was as fantastic as the rest of the costume; it was generally of portentous length, and decorated with an abundance of silk tassels. Large bunches of seals and chains attached to two watches, a white necktie fastened under the chin with an immense bow, white silk stockings in all weathers, and small shoes with diamond buckles, completed the attire.

Whether we shall ever go back to similar fashions is a problem to which the answer is not easily found. The farthingale, the stomacher and other kindred articles of dress are gone, but within comparatively recent years we have had evidence that the costumer of to-day is able to bring forth inventions equally atrocious.

A LOVABLE RASCAL.

The Infamous John Friend, by Mrs. R. S. Garnett. (Duckworth.)

THE novelist who extracts his story from the midst of the life around him and transfers to his pages the atmosphere he breathes every day, has an easier task than he who strives to reproduce the life of the past. There are few modern novelists who have been so successful in the latter attempt as Mrs. R. S. Garnett. Hers is a picture of life in England at the beginning of last century, when the terror of Napoleon—Boney—was so deep in the hearts of the people that it could scare naughty children to sleep. The subject is one that has not been treated before, at least not with originality and completeness. John Friend is a spy, an informer, who is in the pay of both Pitt and Napoleon, and he plays one off against the other. Apart from this moral perversion, he is a man of the highest character, and Mrs. Garnett seems intent on showing how nobility and generosity and purity are not incompatible with an absolute lack of patriotism and the honour which men prize in men. His wife, who has a beautiful and devoted nature, guesses that he is a man devoid of truth and utterly unprincipled. It is the secret sorrow of her ailing existence, for in his relations to her, and in his general standard of conduct, he earns the name of "the perfect husband." Apart from the lively picture of a corrupt and uncultivated society—and the book deals largely with the fashionable life of the time at Brighton and elsewhere—this study of John Friend has an extraordinary interest. It is difficult to recall the name of a traitor who possessed such strength and tenderness and fidelity in all personal relations, and—is it legitimate to excite such strong sympathy and admiration for the virtues of reprehensible characters? Mrs. Garnett holds the scales most impartially; but we feel, when his ward Susan, who marries into the aristocracy, compares his purity and unselfishness with the sensuality and luxury into which she is plunged, that Mrs. Garnett has a leaning towards the man whose virtues are those which women reverence. It reminds us of the child's history book where Charles I. is summed up as "a bad king, but a good husband and indulgent father." It is in the latter phrases that the pity of Charles's fate is communicated to the infantile imagination. In the chapter where John Friend's wife and Susan, the ward, discuss their husbands, John Friend seems, in spite of his crimes, to be utterly superior to the respectable and patriotic young man, Will North, Susan's husband, who has betrayed him to the authorities.

A COUNTY WITH A PAST.

Memorials of Old Essex, edited by A. Clifton Kelway. (Bemrose, London, 1908.)

ESSEX is pre-eminently a county of old memorials, and the volume which deals with it in Messrs. Bemrose's series teems with topics and almost suffers from compression. The harvest of bronze weapons which its barrows have yielded makes strong the presumption that here, 3,000 years ago and more, the invading Celts first gained footing, developed primitive arts of husbandry and manufacture, and had sufficient numbers and organisation to make their subjection by the Romans no easy task. The Celtic and Roman periods are surveyed by Mr. Guy Maynard, and his forty pages are a not unduly large section of the volume to devote to the subject. Mr. Clifton Kelway, besides a rapid survey of the county's history, gives us a chapter on the monasteries. The social and artistic life of Essex largely circled round them throughout mediæval times. Of the eight Benedictine foundations, Barking was the richest, and was "undoubtedly the most famous of English nunneries." Royal blood sometimes ran in the veins of its abbesses, who, even if of humble origin, were baronesses in their own right. Here in 1173 Henry II. gave the rule to Mary, sister of the murdered Becket, while, in honour of

the martyr and for the remission of his own sins, he also re-founded Waltham, in the same county, as a house of Augustinians, and aided in the building of the splendid minster which, even in its much mutilated state, is still by far the finest example of Norman architecture in the county. Of the monastic buildings scarce a vestige remains. They are few throughout Essex, another Augustinian abbey—that of St. Osyth—offering the best remnants, incorporated into the dwelling of a post-Reformation lay owner. Twelve Augustinian foundations did the county possess in all, and numerous were the houses of the friars and the commanderies of the military orders. The very strength of the Church made the opposition to it the more strenuous when it began to decay. Two Essex reformers were burnt as early as Henry VI.'s reign, and when the enemies of the Church gained the upper hand, they stripped her bare. There was not merely a clean sweep made of monasteries and colleges, chapels and chantries; the parish churches were pillaged ruthlessly by the rapacious parvenus in whose hands Henry VIII.'s death left the kingdom, as trustees of his will during his son's boyhood. "To mention only one result—before the close of the reign of Edward VI. every church bell in the county was assigned to the young King's use, not a single bell being exempted from this demand except that of the almost ruined church of Fobbing." The reaction followed, and Essex provided seventy-two victims for Queen Mary and Archbishop Bonner. The lay history of Essex is as fertile of themes as its religious history. Its nearness to London and the Continent, its seaports and waterways, its flat and fertile surface made it a rich, favourite and thickly-populated region until that moment in the nineteenth century when there began "the long period of decline, depression and utterly unmerited defamation on the score of natural beauties from which the county so long suffered, but is now so triumphantly emerging." Miss Fell Smith, whose words these are, has written the sections on Essex Worthies and Historic Houses. The two are often closely connected. They were men of light and leading, those Montgomeries and Marneys who built so sumptuously at Faulkbourne and Layer Marney at the moment when Gothic, though still supreme, was feeling the first breath of change from Italy. A few years later King Hal himself, despising the earlier royal houses of Havering and Ryrgo, took to building in Essex, obtaining from his future father-in-law, Thomas Boleyn, the estate he had obtained through his Ormond mother, and erecting the stately New Hall which in old age and decay has become the "secluded home of a colony of nuns." Elizabeth kept house here in 1561, but she was more often in the county as a guest, "and being very favourably impressed with the hospitality she received, tarried long in the houses of the Essex nobles." The towns were equally eager to entertain her. At Colchester the bailiffs and aldermen received her, riding upon "comely geldings, with foot-clothes in damask or satin cossacks or coats, or else jackets of the same, with satin sleeves in their scarlet gowns, with caps and black velvet tippets." Essex was full of patriotism in these Armada days, for was not famous Tilbury Fort, where the Queen rode down to address her "faithful and loving people," within its bounds? Many of her Statesmen were domiciled in Essex. At Gildea, when she was a girl, Sir Anthony Cooke had added much to his grandfather's house and was among the leaders of education. From Ryrgo the young Elizabeth and her cousin, Jane Grey, are said to have come over to Gildea to study with his daughters, of whom one afterwards married her future Lord Treasurer, Cecil, and another her future Lord Keeper, Bacon. Among the learned Cambridge men and Greek scholars who entered Elizabeth's service was Thomas Smith, an Essex lad, who rose to be Secretary of State, and obtaining the Hill Hall estate by marriage, built the stately house, altered indeed in Queen Anne's time, which his brother's descendant still holds. Walter Mildmay, one of her Chancellors of the Exchequer, and Anthony Browne, one of her judges, are among the other notables who in her time made Essex their home and covered it with noble examples of the domestic architecture of that intellectually keen but thoroughly English age. A few of these houses, so rich in past interest and association, are still standing. The vast majority are gone. But their own and their owner's history are well worth reading in such well-written pages as those of this volume of the "Memorials" series.

BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY

A Reaping, by E. F. Benson. (Heinemann.)
Mr. Burnside's Responsibility, by Thomas Cobb. (Mills and Boon.)
Low Society, by Robert Halifax. (Constable.)

ON THE GREEN.

THE NORTH BERWICK TOURNAMENT.

THE old men made a gallant attempt to prevent the young ones carrying off the big prize on the Burgh Course at North Berwick, but they could not quite manage it; indeed, in a sense, they failed rather badly, for Duncan won by no less than seven strokes. After him, however, came a cluster of ex-champions. Herd played three splendid rounds, and if he fell off a little in his fourth, such a falling-off was but human; he had to do 70 to win and 71 to tie, and as soon as the hope of achieving the almost impossible vanished, it was only natural to drop a stroke or two. Harry Vardon had a good first, third and fourth round, but his second was not quite up to the mark, while Massy, who occupies a unique position midway between crabbed age and youth, practically put himself out of the running by beginning with a 79; 79's are no manner of good nowadays. It was pleasant, however, to see Massy play three very fine rounds afterwards, for he has not been doing himself justice lately. When Mayo began with a 71, on the top of his recent fine golf, he must have appeared a likely winner, for he has, as a rule, that power of sustaining an effort which Duncan has generally appeared to lack. However, the positions were reversed, for, whereas Mayo fell away, Duncan went on from strength to strength, and his total of 290 was a magnificent achievement. He, of

course, looks just the player to out-distance his field by sheer brilliance; but up till now he has never been able to keep going at high pressure quite long enough. Nobody can go on winning for ever, and Taylor's bad time had got to come; he can, however, well afford to let someone else have a turn, for he has been invincible for a long spell. Of the others, Ray was well up, as he usually is; his style looks far from a steady one, but the results are steady enough. The formidable Tom Ball, for once, was nowhere.

THE PREVAILING WIND.

When we write, in all our wisdom, of the proper mode of laying out golf courses, and, more particularly, the proper measure by which to reckon the length of the holes, we say that the reckoning has to be made on the assumption of a calm. That is to say, that if we are laying out a two-shot hole, we try to fit it into the circumstances of the ground in such a way that it shall take a normally good driver two full shots to reach it on a calm day. It is evident, however, that when we say this we have not even yet gone to the ultimate principle on which the measurement should be based. The ultimate, underlying, idea is to lay out the hole so that it shall require just the shots that we reckon for it on as many days as possible during the year. That is really what we are aiming at, and, roughly speaking, we do perhaps arrive at that best in general by reckoning as if there were no wind. On the other

hand, there are many places in England where there is a very pronounced prevalence of the wind from one quarter rather than another. No one can doubt this who sees the eternal stoop to eastward of all the few trees which the perpetual westerly gale allows to grow on our West Coasts. It is obvious that in conditions like these the ideal at which we aim, of arranging the holes to require just such and such shots on as many days as possible, is not achieved nearly so well by reckoning on a calm as by giving some allowance to this almost constant drift of the wind from the west. It is a fact worth the noting of green architects, for it is one which they almost always miss. It is also a consideration which should be taken to heart by green committees who have in their charge greens already laid out, for it may influence them in choice of spots for new teeing grounds and, possibly, new hazards.

THE EYE AND THE BALL.

We are very sorry to see "eye-trouble" given as the reason for Braid's not playing in the competition for the prizes given at North Berwick on the Corporation course. Everyone will hope that this is only a temporary ailment. It is curious to think that Taylor was declared unfit for a sailor because of defective vision. His vision of the ball seems sufficiently accurate. It would be interesting to arrange a match between him and the medical gentlemen who decided that he could not see properly. He might play the best ball of the whole Board. Obviously, however, the eye that is required for golf is not of the same quality as the eye for shooting or for cricket, racquets and all games which have a moving ball as a principal feature. Billiards and croquet, both played with a ball at rest, are the games which require the same quality of eye (guiding the hand accurately but not of necessity guiding it very quickly) as golf, and probably the eye of the correct draughtsman has something of the same merit. Perhaps, however, the worst eye that is kept on the ball is better, for purposes of golf, than the best that is let wander off it. Taylor himself says that it does not much matter whether you look at the ball or not, yet he looks at it far longer than any other man, his practice being much better than his theory—which is contrary to the way of most men, whether in golf or affairs of lighter moment.

ONE-ARMED CHAMPIONS.

The redoubtable John Scott of Silloth appears to have another rival for the one-armed championship in one Yves of La Boulie. It is stated that the latter has issued a challenge, which has been taken up by Scott, who is prepared to play a home-and-home match over seventy-two holes for £100 a side. It will be remembered that Scott lately played a match with Haskins of Hoylake and beat him; the play of these one-armed heroes was then so good that a speculative golfer wanted to back the winner against any two-armed and five-handicapped golfer in the district, and, apparently, could find no takers, so that the challenger from La Boulie has clearly got his work cut out for him. Both players are without the left arm, and Scott, at any rate, plays what may be called a fore-hand stroke; it would be interesting to see a golfer who should employ a back-hand stroke with either his left or right hand. To the ordinary two-handed golfer it seems easier to get a true swing in this way, but that is only in aiming at nothing more solid than daisies. When a ball has to be struck the fore-hand stroke will probably yield the best results, although there is one amateur known to us who, having two hands, yet often plays his short pitches back-handed with his left hand. The ordinary mortal trying to play one handed generally gives but a sorry exhibition; but there are those who can drive a really long ball with one hand, notably Harry Vardon, but then he is very far from being an ordinary person.

MR. HILTON AND JOHNS AT ASHFORD MANOR.

The Ashford Manor Club is doing well for itself. It is reimporting some of its best goods which it once shipped away for export, taking back Mr. Hilton as its secretary, and Johns, who was there before in a subordinate post to Harry Cawsey, as its professional. No doubt Johns owes this rise in life to his late doings of merit. No doubt it is a rise, for Ashford Manor sees more play than the Southdown Club's course at Shoreham, where he has been in the interval. And yet one would not say, in a hurry, that he was not bettered in his golf by going to Shoreham. It is a terribly catchy

course, with greens so pitched and terraced on the Down's side that if you are not just there you are nowhere—either on the green close to the hole or else gone to glory. That is the sort of course which does not make the best possible test of golf, but it provides a fine school, because the whipping is so severe for him who commits a trespass. Did not Biarritz, which is of the drastic punishment species, give us Massy?

LORD DALHOUSIE.

Lord Dalhousie has hammered Lord Lovat rather heavily in the final of the Parliamentary Tournament, and is the winner of that event for the year. And so, perhaps, he ought to be. Lord Lovat had fourteen strokes given him, and Lord Dalhousie seven; but seven is more for the latter than fourteen for the former, and, probably, rather too many for him. Probably it is rather more than he will get again, and it is more than he ought to want, for he is a young Scot who has played golf since boyhood. On Lord Dalhousie's property in Forfarshire—besides Carnoustie, Barry and Montrose, of which he surely must own at least a portion, since so much of the county seems to be his—he has, comparatively close to Brechin Castle, one of the very best inland courses in the world—that of Edgell, beside the village of that name. It has a lightness of soil, a variety of hazard and an adequate length that are pleasantly surprising inland.

STOKE POGES.

On Monday next another new course makes its bow to the golfing public, when Taylor, Massy, Sherlock and Braid—if he is well enough—will play at Stoke Poges. It is truly astonishing how quickly the course has been made and how good it is already; the "architecture" does Mr. Colt infinite credit, and all concerned must have worked like Trojans to have things ready. In the winter, when we first saw it, everything was in the most rudimentary stage. The holes were staked out and no more, while whole pieces of wood had yet to be demolished; so that several of the holes could only be seen with the eye of faith. Now, in the places where the woods were is turf, and very excellent turf, too, and the greens are all good and some already very good; the ball runs quite truly on them, which is more than can be said for new greens as a rule, so that one of the professionals should thus early set up a record that should take some beating. There are some capital two-shot holes, of which, perhaps, the most attractive is the twelfth, where the player must keep very straight between bracken on one side and a lake on the other. The most interesting hole on the course is perhaps the seventh, which can be reached with a mashie shot, but a shot so difficult that one may well heave a sigh of relief when the ball plumps safely down on to the green; it is so very likely to plump down somewhere else—in a stream to the right or a sandy road to the left. Some of the holes have been very wisely left without bunkers at present, till experience has shown the best place for them, and there is, of course, plenty to be done yet; but one can already play very good golf there—or try to. Stoke Park is a distinct addition to metropolitan courses.

MR. E. MARTIN SMITH.

Mr. Martin Smith is a very good golfer anywhere, and an especially formidable one over Sandwich, which may be said to divide with North Berwick and Biarritz the honour of being his home course. It was at Sandwich last year that he first played for that much-criticised body, the English side, and gave his Scotsman a most merciless beating. In this year's match he fell before Mr. Edward Blackwell, but soon took his revenge by knocking him out of the championship, only himself to fall before Mr. Laidlay. Mr. Martin Smith, when in good practice, is a very fine driver; when he is only playing an occasional round on inland courses, he sometimes develops a disease which he calls the "quick hook," which results in the ball plunging into the heather in the neighbourhood of mid-on. He plays well with all his iron clubs and also with his putter, which he holds after the manner of Mr. Travis, the left hand overlapping the right, which is the converse of the more ordinary overlapping grip. Both his younger brothers, Messrs. Oliver and Julian Martin Smith, are fine slashing players, and any permutation or combination among members of this family makes a very good four-some pair: in particular are Messrs. E. and O. much to be feared.



MR. E. MARTIN SMITH.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BIG GAME PRESERVATION IN AMERICA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In connection with the article on "Big-Game Preservation in America" in your last week's issue, attention may be directed to a suggestion in the *Bulletin*, there quoted with reference to the unique herd of Père David's deer in the Duke of Bedford's park at Woburn, as this is a subject in which every Englishman ought to be interested. The milou, or Père David's deer, which is a large and somewhat donkey-like species, with a long tail and altogether unique type of antlers, is the sole representative of its genus. Probably a native of some part of Manchuria, it has existed in modern times only in the Imperial Hunting-Park near Pekin, where the last survivors were destroyed during the Boxer Rising. All the individuals living a dozen years ago in various European zoological gardens are now dead; and, according to the *Bulletin*, the only living representatives of this interesting species are included in the herd of twenty-eight head (not allowing for any increase that may have taken place this season) at Woburn. The writer then goes on to observe that in zoological, as well as in other, matters it is risky and dangerous to preserve in one basket the whole of an especially valuable lot of eggs. It is true, indeed, that in no form of close captivity could Père David's deer be safer or more immune from epidemic diseases than at Woburn. But, at the same time, the eggs are all in one basket; and if rinderpest should break out in England, or if the foot-and-mouth disease, or the game disease, or tuberculosis should enter the park, it might go hard with these precious deer. It has accordingly, I gather from the *Bulletin*, been respectfully suggested to the Duke of Bedford that it would be a wise and generous act if His Grace were to place an adult male and two females from his herd of Père David's deer in some great wilderness preserve—the writer cares not where it might be—to become as wild and maybe as fruitful as the three English red-deer that so wondrously stocked Waipura Island in New Zealand, with out any deterioration through in-breeding. Three animals located in the right spot, under intelligent and skilful management in the beginning, might, it is urged, easily rehabilitate the species in a wild state and restore it to the world's fauna. Whether the Duke will respond to this somewhat bold suggestion remains to be seen. The accompanying photograph, taken some years ago, shows a fine stag of this species then living at Woburn, with its antlers not fully cleaned from the velvet. The absence of a brow-tine, and the great prolongation of the buck-tine, characteristic of the species, are well shown.

—R. LYDEKKER.



RAINY SAINTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—

"S. Swithin's Day, if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain:
S. Swithin's Day, if thou be fair
For forty days 'twill rain nae mair"

runs the old rhyme so well known to all of us. St. Swithin, Bishop of Winchester, died in 862 and expressed the wish that he might be buried in the cemetery instead of the church, that "the rain might drop upon his grave," "thinking no vault so good as the vault of heaven." According to the legend he was buried as desired; but the monks, wishing to remove his body to a more honourable resting-place, appointed a day for the purpose of conveying it to the Cathedral of Winchester. As they were about to begin the ceremony, heavy rain began to fall which lasted forty days. This the monks believed to be a sign of the saint's displeasure, and hence the reason why English people scan the weather so carefully on July 15th. In some parts of the country, when rain falls on St. Swithin's Day, the villagers remark that "St. Swithin is christening the apples." France possesses three rainy saints—St. Médard's Day, June 8th, and the Day of SS. Gervais and Protais, June 19th:

"S'il pleut le jour de Saint Médard,
Il pleut quarante jours plus tard:
S'il pleut le jour de S. Gervais et de S. Protais,
Il pleut quarante jours après."

The origin of St. Médard's Day is certainly peculiar. St. Médard was out with a large party one fine day in summer when a heavy fall of rain took place, which drenched his companions, but left him dry. Round St. Médard's head fluttered a large eagle, whose wings accomplished

effectively the purposes of an umbrella. St. Godeliève is the rainy saint in Belgium, while in Germany, among others, a character of this description is ascribed to the Day of the Seven Sleepers.—G. W.

SIR CHARLES DILKE AND HEATH FIRES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is pleasant to find Sir Charles Dilke, as quoted in your "Country Notes," expressing a firm faith in the beauty of the human nature of the gipsy and the vagrant, and implying that neither would be so naughty as to set heath-land deliberately on fire. I absolutely agree with him. The heath land is the shelter for these people, who, besides, live so near the legal boundaries in general that they do not overstep them gratuitously in particulars. They want all the fund of *Ennoia* as Pericles called it, that they can have at the legal bank. Unhappily, in falling back on the alternative that the fires are caused accidentally, Sir Charles Dilke has not exhausted all the possibilities, and we who live on the beautiful heath-land of Sussex know very well that the fires are caused neither by gipsies nor by accident, but wilfully—by discontented residents. They have raged to an extent of many thousand pounds of damage this very spring in the county, both on public and private grounds, and reflect most severely on the measures taken by the heads of the police in the county. The manner in which the fires are started is, as stated in your paper only a few weeks back, by a wick or candle in a tin, which has some paraffin in it, so that by the time the candle has burned down to the paraffin and the big conflagration has begun, the incendiary may be at his tea, many miles away. He is a difficult man to catch, no doubt; but he might have been caught long ago if the police authorities had taken intelligent measures.

Unfortunately the one man once convicted appeared before one of our jocular judges who treated the affair in his best music-hall manner and let the man off with a caution. The moral of Sir Charles Dilke's observations is a perfectly right one, that it behoves pick-nickers and smokers to be careful of the big fires that they may raise, and that the migratory population is virtually guiltless of causing them; but his inference, that accident causes most of them, is certainly not true in some places and probably not true in many. The discontented poor think it annoys the rich to see the heath-land burnt, they have no appreciation of Nature's beauty. The motive is

sufficient, the means are simple, the police are supine and the heath-land burns.—EAST SUSSEX.

POSITION OF HEN'S EGGS IN NEST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Of all branches of ornithology, there is, perhaps, none more interesting than that dealing with the incubation of eggs. It is a well-known fact that some, if not all, birds move their eggs from one part of the nest to another during the time of incubation, the object being to distribute the heat more evenly by moving an egg from a warm part of the nest to a cooler place, and *vice versa*. If this were not done, the eggs being merely turned, some of the chicks would be so late in hatching that they would either be deserted by the old bird or left behind and lost in the early travels of the brood. The accompanying table illustrates the daily changes of position of some hen's eggs during their twenty days of incubation, with the exception of the seventeenth day, when no observations were taken. It was obtained in the following way: The eggs were numbered before being given to the hen, and a sketch of the nest was made each morning showing the position of every egg according to its number. The chief difficulty in making the sketches was the fact of the fowl not keeping her eggs in any special formation, like the plover or the heron, and on account of their lying at constantly varying angles. The positions of the eggs were then plotted from the sketches on to sectional paper, each nest being ruled into five rows of divisions, with five divisions in a row, each division to hold one egg only; the divisions were numbered from left to right, so that the top row reads 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and the second row 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, etc. The table shows the number of the division with the number of the egg it contained on each day. The hen in question was set in a coop with the front open, and, with the exception of one morning, she was always facing the opening. There may be many reasons for this, the first and most likely being to avoid the wind blowing under her feathers and so chilling her body and the eggs. Other reasons may be relics of her wild nature, to be at all times ready to take flight in case of danger, and also to be prepared to protect herself and her clutch from any of her lesser enemies, this being the only way open to their attack. It is sometimes supposed that

a hen moves her eggs by the shuffling movement she so constantly makes on resuming her place on the nest after her daily stroll. But this is not so, the action in question being solely to work her feet down to the bottom of the nest and to gather her eggs closer to her. The eggs are moved with the beak, and a hen may constantly be seen toying with her eggs in this fashion.

—ARTHUR J. FAWCETT.

TABLE SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE EGGS DURING THE TWENTY DAYS OF INCUBATION.

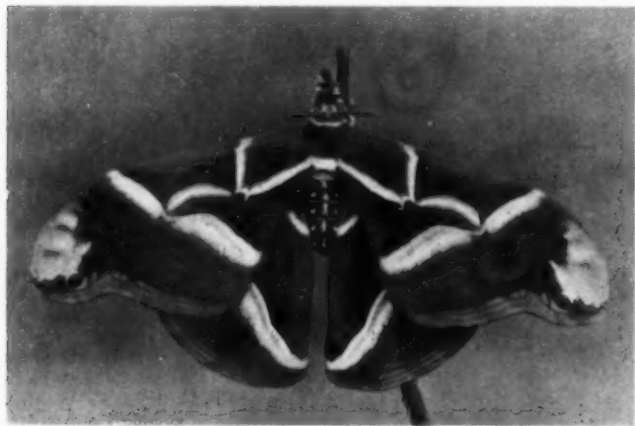
Division.	DAYS.																			
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
1...	—	10	—	—	—	14	—	—	—	—	—	14	—	—	—	10	—	14	—	—
2...	12	5	—	—	—	5	1	—	—	—	13	—	1	9	—	1	—	—	—	—
3...	—	4	5	—	—	3	—	—	—	—	—	12	13	6	—	9	2	—	—	—
4...	13	—	13	—	—	—	—	—	8	—	—	—	—	—	1	—	2	—	9	—
5...	—	—	7	—	—	12	—	—	—	—	—	14	11	8	—	—	—	—	—	—
6...	—	—	—	4	—	—	12	5	—	13	—	3	10	—	—	12	—	6	—	—
7...	11	8	6	8	4	—	3	12	1	11	—	4	7	—	10	4	8	3	1	—
8...	—	11	14	11	—	6	14	11	7	4	4	13	8	4	3	8	11	—	7	—
9...	10	—	—	12	—	—	10	14	6	6	—	—	1	14	—	12	8	—	—	—
10...	9	3	12	14	—	9	11	—	6	—	—	2	11	—	12	—	10	12	3	—
11...	—	—	—	7	9	1	5	—	5	14	10	1	—	—	—	9	—	—	—	—
12...	14	13	1	2	3	8	4	—	3	8	—	10	4	7	9	13	14	—	5	—
13...	3	—	8	—	7	—	13	—	10	—	3	—	9	8	—	11	4	13	2	—
14...	5	6	3	3	13	2	8	9	—	3	7	7	5	5	—	—	—	5	—	—
15...	6	—	—	—	—	7	2	13	11	5	12	—	—	—	2	—	5	6	—	8
16...	—	12	4	—	10	—	10	4	13	—	11	11	3	—	11	2	—	9	—	—
17...	1	1	9	1	12	4	9	8	4	7	8	5	—	10	2	14	5	7	14	—
18...	—	2	—	5	6	—	7	6	9	12	—	12	13	14	5	6	7	4	11	—
19...	4	—	11	—	8	11	—	—	2	1	9	—	—	6	—	7	1	1	10	—
20...	—	9	—	9	11	—	6	7	—	—	5	6	—	—	4	—	13	—	12	—
21...	—	—	10	10	—	10	—	14	—	10	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
22...	—	14	2	—	1	—	1	3	12	9	2	—	6	12	13	3	3	11	13	—
23...	2	7	—	6	5	13	—	—	—	2	—	9	—	3	7	—	—	—	—	—
24...	7	—	—	13	2	—	—	2	—	—	1	8	2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
25...	8	—	—	—	14	—	—	—	—	—	14	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	6	—

On the twenty-first day the chickens were hatching.

AN AILANTHUS SILK MOTH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I photographed a fine, large specimen the other day of an Ailanthus Silk Moth (*A. cynthia*), which emerged from its cocoon in my greenhouse. I photographed it alive, resting on a twig of privet, with wings expanded, the upper ones partially covering the lower ones. I think the moth is quite



clearly marked out on the negative. The picture is very nearly life size, and the negative, I think, brings out the different shades correctly. The moth is, I believe, a female.—G. A. MARTIN.

ECZEMA IN DOGS.

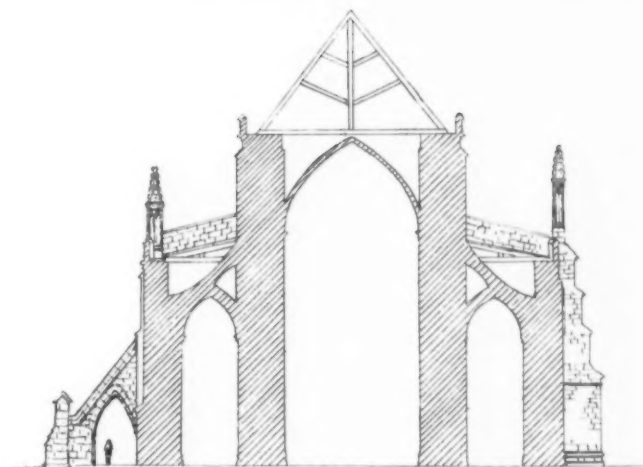
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In COUNTRY LIFE a few weeks ago I saw a letter in which a gentleman said that his dog had eczema, attributing the cause to its getting at the pig-tub early in the morning, and asking if this could be so. I have a deerhound who had eczema rather badly, and his could not have come from contact with the pig-tub, as he is always with me or in his kennel, and is not fed on scraps but dog-biscuits, Melox food, Spratt's fibo, broth, etc. But I do think that eczema may be contracted from too rich living. I am now using Spratt's eczema lotion, which seems to be giving great relief, and every night after his supper a conditioning pill made by the same firm; he also has green stuff every other night and scarcely any meat.—J. BARRY TAUNTON.

THE SAFETY OF WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Since I wrote the letter on the above subject, which you published in your issue of June 5th, giving also a view of the dummy buttress which has been set up against the south nave aisle, several architects and antiquarians have given me their views on the subject. The latter agree with me that buttresses of the "flying" kind would be the best type, as they would least cloak the existing Norman buttresses, and would, in a great measure, detach the new work from the old. The section of the nave which I enclose will show that the point of danger caused by thrust of both the nave and aisle vaulting against the wall of the aisles is much below the top of that wall, and that therefore there is no need to



carry the new buttresses to the height which William of Wykeham did on the north side. The line of the hidden flying buttress which exists from nave to aisle wall may be continued, and security would be obtained if buttresses were erected of the height and character shown in the enclosed sketch. This scheme covers the surface and breaks the lines of the Norman buttresses far less than the dummy buttress at present *in situ*, and I offer it to Mr. Jackson's consideration for what it is worth. It is the result of a careful inspection of the south aisle wall by an architect intimate with the whole fabric. But I must admit that neither he nor another well-known architect whom I have consulted sympathise with the flying buttress idea. Both believe in the principle of the solid buttress, though both condemn the dummy as too thin, and lacking boldness and simplicity. I quote the opinion of one of them: "I still think there should be plain, solid buttresses—not pretending to be William of Wykeham, like the model—if the wall must be buttressed. They have made the east end safe with iron ties and underpinning; but it still looks, from the outside, as though it was just collapsing, and gives one no satisfaction. So I think buttresses would be a comfort, on the whole, along the south wall of the nave." I, myself, adhere to the principle of flying



buttresses, but, in fairness, I give the opposite view as held by men of professional experience.—H. AVRAY TIPPING.

WHY DEAD FISH FLOAT?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Surely the answer to this question is that an appreciable effort is made by the fish to keep under water. Upon death, this effort is relaxed and, consequently, the fish rises to the surface.—MALCOLM C. BROAD.

THE MIGRANTS: BIG CLUTCHES AND SECOND BROODS IN 1909.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Despite the fact that the late winter and early spring of 1909 will long be remembered for their severity, and in spite of the fact that many of the summer birds of passage were inclined to be backward in their time of arrival on our shores, nevertheless the nesting season of these migrants has been, at all events in Sussex, a remarkable and memorable one. Some time ago I recorded in your columns a case of a nightingale which actually had two eggs on April 30th. But wonders did not cease here, for practically all the warblers were a full week earlier in going to nest than usual; moreover, some



WRESTLING.

were in many cases producing six eggs instead of the normal five. I refer to both species of whitethroat and to the blackcap, the clutches of which are nearly always four or five, and generally the latter. Willow-wrens and chiff-chaffs, too, which customarily produce five or six eggs to a "set" (generally six), have this year been rather fond of "sevens." On the other hand, out of some fifty reed-warblers' nests examined during June only three contained five eggs. A "fiver" is always rare with the reed-warbler, but then so is six with both the whitethroats and the blackcap; "seven" comparatively so with willow-wren and chiff-chaff. And some of the migrants are birds unusually numerous in Sussex this year. Especially is this the case with the cuckoo, and particularly in Ashdown Forest. Swifts, too, are perhaps commoner than their wont. And lesser whitethroats and chiff-chaffs—always well to the fore in Sussex every spring and summer—have exceeded their normal numbers by at least a third. With reed-warblers it is the same. But wood-warblers—always local—are not so plentiful as in 1908. Although it is not by any means a generally recognised fact, many of the warblers are habitually double-brooded; at least, some individuals of most species are. This year, of course, seeing that the majority started breeding so early, many more than usual are indulging in second families. Turning to the resident birds for a moment, it was strange to find many of them backward in nesting operations. It is true that sparrow-hawks and jays were well up to date, some, indeed, breeding rather earlier than usual. Yet, on the other hand, the peregrines, of all birds, were, on an average, nearly a fortnight behind time; and many kestrels were tardy in beginning to lay. Long-eared owls, carrion crows and magpies, too, were in the main very dilatory in starting the important function of the year; and, on the whole, these large birds—curiously enough—were later in beginning house-keeping than the majority of the smaller resident species. Altogether, the nesting season of 1909 will long be remembered by ornithologists as a most interesting but puzzling problem of Nature.—JOHN WALFORD-BOND.

AN ABNORMAL HORN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—With regard to Mr. Reid's letter re "An Abnormal Horn" in your last issue, could not this abnormality arise from rheumatism? There is a very interesting case in the London Zoo at this moment. A stag, Manchurian I believe, aged about eighteen years, has suffered from rheumatism for several years. The off hind leg is afflicted, and, owing to the crossing of the nerves, the near antler is always deformed.—M. C. B.

THE COOKING OF SPINACH.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Your correspondent's letter regarding the above is, I think, quite wrong. This is the way we have always had it done: First, cut all the stems from the leaves, then thoroughly wash it in several waters, then put it in a saucepan, but with no water, only a little butter. Spinach requires no water for cooking.

When cooked, pass through a sieve, add pepper and salt to taste, then put some good cream with it and serve. Watercress is delicious done in the same way if you cannot get spinach. The latter is also very nice served as a separate dish with poached eggs. Our friends are kind enough to say that they never have such good spinach anywhere else.—CONSUMER.

A SHIKAR YARN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—The beat was coming along steadily about half a mile away. We sat on our machans and watched, with every sense on the alert for a sign of the tiger that was surely hidden somewhere in the dense grass and jungle in front of us. Suddenly the cries of the beaters swelled into a roar, and then, as suddenly, came dead silence. We waited and wondered. After what seemed an age, there came a beater and told us. The tigress refused to move from one small patch, and, at last, had charged the beaters and one man was mauled. Down we got and went to the place. To our great relief, the man who was said to have been mauled had only a few scratches. The tigress was not out for blood; she only wanted to be left in peace. Some potassium permanganate—most valuable of all medicines in the tropics—and a bandage extemporised from the man's own pagri soon put him right.

There remained the question of the tigress. Nestor marshalled us, that man of many beats, who has one tiger to his credit for every year of his long life. We formed a broad wedge, with the best shots at the point, every man keeping touch with his inside neighbour. The grass rose nearly to our heads, and it was difficult to see anything. So we went slowly forward for what seemed a very long time. Suddenly there was movement in the grass about 60 yds. ahead, one caught glimpses of a yellow body moving, and Nestor,

whose great height enabled him to see better than the rest of us, fired. There was a roar, the tigress fell over backwards. We thought we had her; but after a moment she was up again and away. There was much blood on the ground where she had fallen, and we followed the blood track for a long time, but did not find her again that day. As we advanced from the place where she had been shot, one of the dogs suddenly barked and darted into the grass. We followed more cautiously, and found the dog had by the throat a little tiger cub. With great difficulty we released it, but it was badly bitten,

and died a few days later. A minute or two after the youngest of our party, out for his first tiger beat, trod on something soft, glanced down and saw a small beast looking up at him with mingled surprise and indignation. He picked it up by the scruff of the neck, and carried it off like a kitten. This caused us to search further, and we found a third one in the same patch of jungle. The reason why the tigress had been so hard to drive was clear enough. One of these cubs has become as tame as a domestic cat, plays with the dogs and with its master, begs for its food and drinks out of a bottle like a baby. The photographs I send illustrate its most characteristic ways.—E. D.



"PAID FOR!"



ON THE PROWL.